

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 2, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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In this issue

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Cover Spring Training ▶

As Fred Harvey and Casey Stengel meet again at home plate, hundreds of players warm up for the new season. For the story of one of the most colorful, turn to page 62.

Photograph by John G. Eisenbraun

Next week



▶ Between his column and TV chores, Ed Sullivan analyzed four of his favorite Ties from THE TOP. Next week he explains how they apply to his own problems.

▶ SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's quarterly seasonal fashion preview—the Sporting Look for spring—with a varied selection of the best designs, from golf traditional to dressstyle classics.

▶ The remarkable and stirring diary of the courageous battle six men fought against northern Canada's awesome arctic plan, the great Barren Grounds. First of two parts.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (published weekly by TIME Inc., 235 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.) This issue is published as a National and Eastern edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription, U.S. & Canada \$7.50 one year.

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MEMO from the publisher

THE challenge of the forces of nature to man is primeval. Man's acceptance of it has produced not only the greatest of adventures but many of the most enduring chronicles in sport. Among them are stories which have first appeared in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. Examples coming quickly to mind are Tenzing Norgay's account of the first conquest of Everest (SI, April 25, '55); William Albert Robinson's *The Ultimate Storm*, a tale of trial and victory in a fearful Pacific tempest (SI, May 21, '56); and Joel Sayre's description of running the perilous Colorado (SI, June 16, '58).

Beginning next week, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** publishes in two parts the previously unpublished diary which Arthur Moffatt kept during an expedition he led into northern Canada in 1955. A naturalist with wanderlust, Moffatt felt that modern machines and instruments unfairly favored man in his contests with the wild. Using no more than paddle, canoe and portage, he set forth with five companions to conquer a lake and river route traversed only once before by white men—in 1893 by the Canadian geologist Dr. J. B. Tyrrell.

Whether raging with rapids or infinitely silent through the cold and eerie tundra, this route held an

imperative and quite clear challenge for Moffatt. How his expedition met it is the rare adventure story which Arthur Moffatt's diary begins to tell next week.

Almost at the other end of sport's wide range and also in next week's issue, **SPORTING LOOK** presents the third of its quarterly series, the Spring Preview for 1959. As observers of the sports scene we are continually impressed by the changes taking place in it. They come nowhere in more refreshing abundance than in the world of fashion.

In its 15 pages **SPORTING LOOK** includes the newest of clothes for the tournament golfer. Photographed against the background of the Bing Crosby Pro-Am at Pebble Beach, they are at home wherever golf is played. Rose Marie Reid, 1958 winner of a **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** American Sportswear Designer Award, offers two versatile swimsuits, right for skin-diving, water skiing, surfing and indeed swimming itself. And for the spectators in the crowd the Preview highlights this season's predominant check patterns; rainwear that also likes the sunny, active life; and the shirtwaist dress, which this year is taking over from the late, unlamented chemise and trapezes.



ARTHUR MOFFATT

Harry Phillips

SUBSCRIPTION RATES U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 1 yr. \$7.50. All other subscriptions 1 yr. \$10.00.

SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Change of address requires three weeks' notice. Please place magazine and furnish address label from a recent issue or date recently used magazine is addressed. Include postal zone number. Change request add as well as new address.

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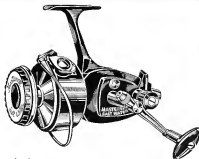
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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

The pressure was on at Lexington, and Auburn's Tigers, holding their chops after 30 straight victories, acted more like tabby cats as they lost to wily Kentucky 75-56. Using a jaw-to-jaw man-to-man, the Wildcats reduced the Auburn shuffle, which sets up a continual screen to force the opposition to switch on defense, to a mere walk and dropped the Tigers into a first-place SEC tie with Mississippi State, winner over Georgia 75-56 and LSU 75-67. Johnny Cox outlasted the smallish Tigers off the boards (see right) and tossed 18 points into the Kentucky put while sophomore Billy Lickert held Auburn's frustrated Rex Frederick to five points and scored 15 of his own. Explained Coach Adolph Rupp, "We just stayed with them. We made them make a lot of mistakes they didn't want to make. . . . It was superb defense."

North Carolina needed 10 points in the last two minutes by York Larese and Lee Shaffer to put down a late North Carolina State surge and shake off its most persistent pursuer 74-67 at Chapel Hill. But Coach Frank McGuire had a complaint about his Tar Heels: "They don't have the killer instinct. They're too nice." Three nights later, the league leaders were indeed too polite and found themselves upset by mediocre Maryland 69-51, as Jerry Bechile scored 28 points.

West Virginia continued its onerouship of the Southern Conference, drubbing VMJ 91-55 and George Washington 89-86 for its fifth straight unbeaten league season. But the Mountaineers must do it all over again this week in the conference tournament to earn an NCAA bid. Eastern Kentucky, however, had its NCAA ticket after squeaking by Western Kentucky 72-70 to clinch the Ohio Valley crown.

THE EAST

Dartmouth placed one impatient foot on the threshold of the Ivy League championship, trapping Princeton 71-59 at Hanover for its 14th straight. The Indians stifled the Tigers with a choking zone and late freeze as Rudy La Russo, a jack rabbiting 6-7, dominated the boards and the scoring. But the Tigers still have a chance to get even when the two teams meet again Friday night at Princeton.

Navy moved toward its year-end twinkle with Army (see page 8), whumping Georgetown 72-47 and Penn 80-55, while the Cadets, after beating Williams 83-77, lost to slick Manhattan 94-77. St. Joseph's outthrusted Bucknell 87-64 and La Salle 79-63 to all but clinch the Mid-



KENTUCKY REBOUNDER Cox defies tip-toe try by Auburn's Frederick (right), as teammate Mills (32) helps with block.

Atlantic title: Providence surprised NIT-bound St. Bonaventure 53-50. NYU and Fordham were tapped by the NIT after the late-blooming Violets bombed Villanova 78-69 and the Rams edged Carolina 68-62. Fordham also beat DePaul 93-73.

THE MIDWEST

The fight was practically over in the Big Ten when Michigan State, the league's shortest-standing and tallest-jumping team, polished off Northwestern 71-68 and Purdue 94-87 to open up a cozy three-game bulge over the field. It was the same in the Big Eight, where Kansas State gained a near lock on the crown by beating Oklahoma 78-55 and Oklahoma State 62-50 for its 17th in a row.

Cincinnati was almost, but not quite, out of the woods in the Missouri Valley after Bradley snipped St. Louis 14-game winning string 72-65 and Houston also caught the Blenkins with their rebounds down and shocked them 64-57. Meanwhile, Cincinnati overpowered Miami (O.) 102-73 and Wichita 88-74 as Oscar Robertson piled up 77 points, but the Bearcats still must face second place Bradley and St. Louis NCAA-bound Marquette downed Xavier 79-70.

THE WEST

The title was up for grabs and Denver was very much in the running after shaking up Utah's Skyline leaders 67-62. The gasping Utes barely defeated New Mexico 68-55, while Denver rallied to tame stubborn Montana 74-70 and continue hot on the trail. Califorma kept winning in the PCC, but as did Washington, now only a half-game behind the Bears. And

continued



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BASKETBALL'S WEEK *continued*

Though Idaho State lost to independent Seattle 75-69, it bucked into its seventh Rocky Mountain crown when Colorado State split two with Adams State.

THE SOUTHWEST

Harry Kirchner, who stands 6 feet 10 inches, may not be the most graceful player in the SWC, but he certainly owns the boards. And, because of his skill in that department, TCU owns the conference championship. With Kirchner stuffing rebounds back up for points, the muscular Frogs last week shrugged off pesky Rice 60-64 and trampled Texas 72-58, while Texas Tech eliminated SMU 72-64.

TV GAME OF THE WEEK: ARMY VS. NAVY

Sat., Feb. 28, NBC-TV, 3 p.m. (EST)

ARMY

SCOUTING REPORT: Army fast-breaks when it can, otherwise sends Sager and Klosek inside to man two posts, with Korns, Darby and Kaser working ball outside. Korns, best scorer in Army history, is quick, moves well, drives hard and is deadly with jump shot. He gets scoring help from Darby, an excellent set shooter, and agile sophomore Sager, who is adept with hooks and fallaway jumps from pivot. Weak of their own boards, the rough and ready Cadets usually use man-to-man defense, sometimes get caught in their own switches against fast-moving pass patterns.

11	Ree Harrison	G	6-0
12	Mike Brady	G	6-1
22	Lee Sager	F	6-5
23	Ann Klosek	C	6-4
33	Darryle Korns	G	6-2
35	Joe Bobula	F	6-0
41	Chuck Darby	F	6-2
43	Ross Gagliano	F	6-3
51	Bob Strauss	F	6-5
55	Fred Kaser	G	5-11

NAVY

SCOUTING REPORT: Navy, tough to beat at Annapolis, has good balance and team speed, will look for chance to run against Army. Mid-fives also work off double post against man-to-man and shoot well from outside against zone. Metzler, at 6 feet 6 inches the biggest man ever to play for the Annapolites, hooks with either hand, likes to jump-shot from keyhole and is fine rebounder, but can be fooled on defense. Bower, team's top scorer, often will drive from outside in attempt to draw fouls. Navy uses both man-to-man and zone, may switch back and forth during game.

4	Ron Doyle	G	5-10
10	Jay Metzler	C	6-6
14	Henry Egan	G	6-2
20	Walter Land	C	6-6
24	Dick Johnson	G	6-1
30	Dick Brown	F	6-3
40	Jim Bower	F	6-2
44	Frank Delano	G	5-11
50	John Muscoli	F	6-4
52	Gary Baggard	G	6-1



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Friday, February 27

BOXING
Six Franciscan National Sports & Best Show (through March 5).

BOXING
● Evening vs. Scarborough, middle, 10 rds.
● Mid. St. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
LPGA (Daytona Beach, Fla. Open, \$5,000 (through March 1).

Saturday, February 28

BASKETBALL (college)
● Army at Navy, 3 p.m. (NBC).

● Auburn vs. Alabama at Montgomery, Ala.
● Duke at North Carolina
● Eastern Kentucky at North Carolina State
● Houston at Cincinnati
● Kentucky at Tennessee

● Michigan State at Indiana (Big Ten System, Sports Network, Inc.)
● Mississippi State at Mississippi

● North Texas State at Bradley
● Wichita at St. Louis (Mid-Southwest Regional, Sports Network, Inc.)
● (reel)

● Mississippi at New York
● St. Louis at Cincinnati

BOWLING
● Women's Major League Bowling, Leary vs. Lott, Canal Garden, Fla., 2 p.m. (NBC).

GOLF
● All Star Golf, Speed vs. Renshaw, Daytona, Fla., 5 p.m. in each time slot (ABC).

GYMNASTICS
● Olympic World Figure Skating Nat'l Gymnastic Team Exhibition, Birmingham, Pa.

HORSE RACING
● Santa Anita Handicap, \$100,000, Santa Anita, Calif., 4:45 P.M.T. (CBS Pacific Network).

● Flamingo Stakes, \$100,000, Hialeah, Fla., 4:30 p.m. (NBC).

SKATING
● Jay, Nat. Speed Skating Meet, Squaw Valley, Calif. (through March 1).

● Women's World Speed Skating (Chapin, Sweden, Reena (through March 1).

SKIING
● North American Biathlon Cross-Country Champ., Squaw Valley, Calif.

TRACK & FIELD
● ICHL Champs, Mid. St. Garden, New York

Sunday, March 1

BASKETBALL (pro)
● Boston at St. Louis, 2:30 p.m. (NBC).

● Cincinnati at Detroit
● Minneapolis at Philadelphia
● New York at Syracuse

HOCKEY
● Detroit at Chicago
● Toronto at New York

SKIING
● North American Combined and Special Jumping Champs, Squaw Valley, Calif.

TENNIS
● Pro Tour, Mid. St. Garden, New York

Monday, March 2

BASKETBALL (college)
● Bradley at Bradley
● North Texas State at Cincinnati
● Tulsa at St. Louis
● Wisconsin at Michigan State

SKIING
● North American Biathlon Special and 15-km. Combined Cross-Country Champs, Squaw Valley, Calif.

Tuesday, March 3

BATHLON
● North American Biathlon, Squaw Valley, Calif.

TENNIS
● Pro Tour, Montreal

Wednesday, March 4

BOXING
● Valdez vs. Powell, heavy, 10 rds., Miami Beach, Fla., 10 p.m. (ABC).

Thursday, March 5

BASKETBALL (college)
● Atlantic Coast Conference Champ. Tourney at Raleigh, N.C. (through March 7).

GOLF
● Greater New Orleans Open, \$20,000 (through March 8).

* See last listing



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"Softie, indeed! Sure I am! Ever since my son and daughter married and moved away I have 'em call me every week—and make it collect!"

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The man is Bill Rosensohn, the first of the Ivy League promoters, who slumped the country like the last of the oldtime drummers, pricing cities for his heavyweight fight

by GILBERT ROGIN

BILL ROSENSOHN returned to New York last week after a swift, audacious and extraordinary odyssey to Indianapolis, Minneapolis, Las Vegas, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago in search of a site for this summer's Floyd Patterson-Johansson heavyweight championship fight, of which he is the promoter, the drummer, the one-man band. He had lost his voice but, in turn ingenuous, cunning, bullying, sympathetic, wheedling, conning, he had gotten promises of \$500,000 gate-receipt guarantees from six cities—Los Angeles, Chicago, Minneapolis, Colorado Springs, Philadelphia and Honolulu. He had all but dismissed Honolulu's proposal which included a plan to televise the fight the 2,400 miles to the mainland by "air-to-air microwave relay" as "science fiction," Colorado Springs because of its dinky stadium and Johansson's fear of altitude.

Rosensohn admits that when he set out he was prejudiced in favor of New York and Los Angeles but wanted to visit the other cities to be fair and to assay them for future promotions. At week's end, however, New York remained lofty, complacent and Rosensohn turned dubious. "I told the general [New York's boxing commissioner, Major General Melvin L. Krulwich]," he says, "that New York would have a much better chance of getting the fight if one of his rich Republican friends came up with the money. The general was upset, so I said, 'Look, General, supposing you were a 38-year-old boy sitting down with a pencil in his hand, figuring.'"

To appraise the various cities equitably, Rosensohn devised a score, or report card. It has 10 categories: 1) seating capacity of stadium, 2) potential and probable gross receipts, 3) parking facilities, 4) recent history

of large boxing gates, 5) recent sports trends, 6) attitude of media executives, 7) cooperation of business and civic leaders, 8) unusual events which might help the promotion, 9) cash guarantee, 10) special considerations. Each category is scored from 0 to 10, and 100, as always, is a perfect score.

There is still time for new guarantees, proposals, schemes; Rosensohn's mind and score card are not yet made up. But, with the decision on a site only a week or so away, our chart below summarizes the current prospects of each city.

Rosensohn began scoring in New York four weeks ago when he had separate talks with Co-owner Dan Topping and General Manager George Weiss of the Yankees and Mayor Robert F. Wagner and the general. Rosensohn explored a flat rental deal for the Stadium with Topping and Weiss, instead of the traditional 10%, and sought the Yankees' cooperation in plugging the fight at their games, on radio and television and by selling tickets. Rosensohn asked Wagner for permission for Johansson to train on city property (wherever he went Rosensohn was insistent that Johansson's training camp be located where people could

	CHICAGO	LOS ANGELES	NEW YORK	MINNEAPOLIS
PRO	Largest Swedish population. Immense stadium (Soldier Field, cap.: 116,000). Good parking. Guarantee. Large gates for indoor title fights. Civic, business aid. Concomitant special events.	Fight would open new Sports Arena, with theater TV in huge Coliseum. Promise of guarantee. Splendid sports trend (e.g., Dodgers). Civic, business, media cooperation. Fine weather.	Finest record of outdoor gates (best recent: Marquis-Moore, 1955, \$848,117). Potential gross excellent. Largest population center. Large arena (Yankee Stadium, cap.: 85,000). Nearest Sweden.	Large, militant Swedish population. Swedish Day, June 28. Best city to black out for TV. Superb business, civic, media cooperation. Guarantee.
ODDS	3-1	7-2	4-1	4-1
CON	Boxing officials unsatisfactory to principals. Lingering influence of disbanded IBC. No recent large outdoor fight gates (last: Louis-Bredbeck, 1937, \$715,470).	Poor history of large gates for outdoor fights (largest: Basille-Arpon, 1958, \$236,521). Potential gross uncertain.	No guarantee. N.Y. too sophisticated to give much civic, business cooperation. Least profitable to black out for TV. Outdoor sports trend declining (e.g., Dodgers and Giants departing).	No real boxing history (largest gate, in St. Paul, Flanagan-Gavilan, 1957, \$43,633). Available arena has only 21,658 seats but plans call for 30,000 temporary seats. Potential gross uncertain.

SEEKS SITE

see him) with half of the admission fees going to a city charity; for permission to use the city's information centers to sell tickets in, with Rosensohn employing the additional personnel; for permission to put up streamers at his expense in 20 locations. Then, belted and buckled in his huge trench coat, he flew to Indianapolis.

Indianapolis asked Rosensohn to stage the fight on the eve of its 500-mile automobile race, when, he was told, it never rains. In the enormous living room of his suite, which was a Pullman stop from one end to the other and stuffed with venerable parlor car furniture, he was told that 200,000 fans attend the "500" ("Are they boxing fans?" asked Rosensohn politely). In the rose-paneled Louis XIV Room of the Hotel Claypool, he lunched on apple juice and filet mignon in an eddium of sweet after-shave lotion and among gleams of pinky rings and hard white collars with monstrous points. The luncheon assembly was made up of what he likes to refer to as "business, civic and media leaders"—his favorite people—the banquet captain offered himself as a sparring partner, and he was told that the American Association



IN LAS VEGAS, debonair Rosensohn holds dressing room parley with Dunes Showgirls Joan Slemmons (a Miss Posture of 1938) and Sallye Sewell (daughter of ex-pitcher Rip).

baseball schedule would be altered so the fight could be held in the ball park. On the Speedway, over which he was permitted to drive at 60 mph, he was incredulous when told that

more than 40,000 people could be seated in a 12,671-seat ball park. Rosensohn was genuinely impressed, however, with what he likes to call

continued

PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	INDIANAPOLIS	COLO. SPRINGS	HONOLULU
Tremendous stadium (Municipal Stadium, cap. 120,000) available at token rental. Guarantee. Civic cooperation promised. Large population center.	Sports trend healthy (e.g., Giants). Fairly suitable arena (Kaiser Stadium, cap. 175,000). Keen boxing interest in area. Civic cooperation promised.	Splendid cooperation of business, civic, media leaders. Concurrent special event: "500" race (attendance: 200,000). Good city to black out for TV.	Guarantee. Excellent cooperation of government, business leaders. Concurrent ceremonial celebration. Fine city to black out for TV.	Guarantee.
15-1	25-1	40-1	75-1	100-1
Boxing, sports trend not heartening. Largest recent outdoor gate (Marcelino-Walcott, 1932, \$594,845) poor second to N.Y.	History of outdoor gates (largest: Marcelino-Cockell, 1935, \$196,720) not too good. Foggy, uncertain weather in early summer. No guarantee.	No boxing history to speak of. Insufficient seating in arena (Victory Field, cap. 36,000). Potential gross uncertain. No guarantee.	No boxing history. Insufficient seating in arena (Penrose Stadium, cap. 27,500). Johannson's fear of altitude.	Mainland TV improbable.

the "enthusiasm and cooperation" of the city, but on points 1, 2, 4, 5 and 9 of his score card Indianapolis was wanting.

In Minneapolis, Rosenzohn was told at a meeting of his favorite people in Room 118 of the Radisson Hotel: that there are a lot of Swedes in Minneapolis and that on Svenskarnas Dag, or Swedish Day, 90,000 of them come to town ("Are Swedes boxing fans?" inquired Rosenzohn politely); that Lawrence Welk grossed \$55,000 at the ball park; that "there is no animosity, as the Irish would like you to believe, between Swedes, Norwegians and Danes"; that "the same thought would run simultaneously through the brains of all Swedes—to see Johansson"; that the Swedish flag would be printed in full color on the front page of the newspaper and that "we'll get some royalty to come over." Rosenzohn was impressed with the "enthusiasm and cooperation," the Swedish legions, and the incontrovertible fact that it would be considerably more profitable to black out Minneapolis for either home or theater TV than New York or Los Angeles, but the meeting was running down like a wind-up phonograph. The ball field (cap. 21,688) was just not big enough. At this point one of the civic and business leaders

left the room. "I have talked with God," he said upon returning. "We offer you not only a \$500,000 guarantee but we will try to get the University of Minnesota football stadium (cap.: 75,000)." He told Rosenzohn that the university's board of regents has never permitted the stadium to be used for a professional event. Early last week the regents turned the business and civic leaders down, so they have devised a desperate plan to seat 50,000 in the ball park.

TUMBLING CITIES

In Las Vegas, that city of performing monkeys, mastiffs and magicians' doves that the show girls call Devil's Island, Bill Rosenzohn watched three jugglers working and saw himself. "I'm a juggler," he said. He was. Above him were cities tumbling in the air. None of them was Vegas, however, which Rosenzohn characterizes as "half a city." He went there because "I know just enough people to get into trouble," and to examine the possibilities of holding quite another heavyweight championship fight there, a fight which would not require an arena with an enormous seating capacity. He sat early one morning in the lounge of the Desert Inn, while 12 violinists fiddled love songs among the tables, with Artie Samish, who once made the celebrated boast that he held the

California legislature in the palm of his hand. Samish is a substantial, patriarchal man with "Art" embroidered on his shirt, who rolls off California counties like the names of grandchildren. Samish toyed with a plastic souvenir case, and told Rosenzohn not to put the fight on in Los Angeles, a town of "cheap bastards" but in San Francisco, where "The bastards are apendixes." Rosenzohn was unaware that Samish had been in jail on an income tax rap.

Rosenzohn's chief concern in Los Angeles, his next stop, was that half the press was knocking Johansson and the fight. In a particularly diplomatic press conference, in which he the truculent writers air their beads, he succeeded in gaining their support. One of Rosenzohn's most effective techniques is to ask the local press for advice. "Let me ask you this, now," he will say, and, his long fingers in a prayerful tent, he will inquire of them how much he should charge, where they think the training sites should be, whom he ought to visit for support. Before he arrived in Los Angeles he had intended to put the fight in the Coliseum, but when he was taken through the new Memorial Sports Arena adjoining it, which has 22,400 seats, he got the "tremendous idea" of staging it there at premium prices and erecting three giant screens in the Coliseum where



SWEDISH ANGEL Ragnar Benson, a Chicago construction man, offered Rosenzohn \$500,000 guarantee and a hand.



IN CHICAGO Rosenzohn (who always wore same jacket) gets symbolic pitch from Bob Cunningham, Association of Commerce and Industry.

the masses could watch it for popular prices on theater TV. He spent an evening with Mac Krim, a lean, old bachelor friend, at his hilltop home on Krim Drive ("It's named after me," said Mac as he roared up to it in his Dual-Ghia) which has hi-fi in the bathrooms. Krim told Rosensohn that he was going to import the 100-girl Japanese troupe which had appeared in Sagamore and wanted Rosensohn's help. "What do I want with 100 Japanese girls?" said Rosensohn, and flew to San Francisco.

In San Francisco, Rosensohn was told that Kezar Stadium was "foggy as hell" at the end of June. He was taken on a tour of the city by a banty Irishman who had been in the legislature for 32 years ("That's a California record," he said) and was shown the Thomas A. Maloney Athletic Field ("A beautiful field named after me"), the Thomas A. Maloney 11th hole ("They honored me at a beautiful banquet for that hole") and "a beautiful ocean," which he did not say was named after Maloney. Rosensohn made a stealthy trip to Palo Alto to inspect Stanford's rustic stadium (Stanford's board of regents refused to allow the fight to be held there among the eucalyptus groves, however) and was visited by a bright-eyed Oakland lawyer who tried to interest him in an improved baseball spike he had invented, and who told

him that "all the Giants have big feet."

In Chicago, his last call, he entered what he calls "the lion's lair," because of the strong influence there of the remnants of the International Boxing Club and the wishy-washy athletic commission. He met, again, with his favorite people who told him that Queen Elizabeth is going to open the St. Lawrence Seaway in June, that there is to be an International Trade Fair in July and that there are 63,000 native-born Swedes in Chicago and 400,000 of the second, third and fourth generations. Rosensohn told them, in turn, that 2,600 Swedes want to come over and cheer for Johansson. He got a guarantee from a 12-man syndicate headed by Ragnar Benson, a Swedish-born construction tycoon for whom the King of Sweden once stopped his car to chat ("If it isn't Benson?" the king said to me. He remembered me!"). Benson, a big, mild man with twisted, trembling fingers, said he was offering the guarantee "because Chicago has been good to me. I came here without a cent. It doesn't help my business one single cent, not one single cent." It was the grail, the Ithaca that Rosensohn had been looking for—a guarantee from a really big city. Now the other big cities would have to kneel in line.

"Do you know any guy who's in a better spot than I am?" Rosensohn

said. "This is it, old man. If there is one thing a guy could pack to do, this is it. No holds barred. And I'm not going anywhere the money isn't. Boxing to me is creating people, creating illusions. If you got the people or the illusion, charge for it. If you don't have it, you can't give it away."

FLYING TO PAPPY

He stood in the dark in Chicago under the elevated tracks while a traffic cop blew on his mournful houn's pipe. "Well, we've played the circuit and we leave in a blaze of question marks," he said in the ruins of his voice. "We're on the threshold of a new era in boxing, my good man." But at week's end he was on stage again. There were not only cities up there but two new intrepid projects; yet another fight for Patterson against one of the top five contenders, perhaps in Vegas' new circular convention hall, and an Archie Moore-Sugar Ray Robinson light heavyweight championship fight. "I'm off again," he croaked over the phone in New York. "I'm flying out to see Pappy and taking my lawyer. Ray's in the Bahamas. Can't reach him. May or Wagner wants to speak to me. Can't talk until I get my voice."

Boxing's old guard does not understand Rosensohn. "I think he's a little boy on a man's job," a guy said in New York. "What kind of a promoter is this?" A British promoter asked. "He wears the same old jacket every day. He doesn't look like he has a million dollars in his back pocket." "He's a modern-day Tex Rickard," said a guy in San Francisco. Rosensohn looks like a little boy but isn't, he is not another Rickard, and he wears the same old jacket because he happens to like the way it looks. Boxing's old guard is also its rear guard and Rosensohn has passed it by.

"I love glop," said Bill Rosensohn as he ate a peach tart over Wyoming, his stocking feet in a baby's cradle, which he had asked the stewardess to put up so he could read his giant paperback in comfort. "I like comfort," he has said. During his tour Rosensohn had eaten a lot of glop. He greatly prefers it to double Jack Daniel's on the rocks, which he feels society forces him to drink. In the sweetshop of San Francisco's Fairmont Hotel he had lemon crunch cake a la mode; in an ice cream parlor on Santa Monica Boulevard in Los Angeles, which advertises 31 flavors,

continued on page 57



IN INDIANAPOLIS, Rosensohn holds a mock conference with Promoter Al Farb (left), NBA Secretary Archie Hindman (center) and Banker Al Smith in Hotel Claypool lobby.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE SHOE IN A TOPPER

With a tall silk hat added to his four feet 11 inches of height, Willie Shoemaker danced, sang and all but stopped the show at the Jockey Guild Ball in Los Angeles. Singing a parody of *Tom Dooley*, Shoemaker

begged his aging (49) but still formidable rival, Jockey Johnny Longden, to retire. Sample: "Hang up your tack, John Longden, hang up your tack and quit./Hang up your tack, John Longden, pack up your bit and git."





John G. Zimmerman

THE CHIEF INDOORS

Fresh from the heat and dazzling summer light of Australia, where he almost singlehandedly won back the Davis Cup for the U.S., Alex Olmedo ventured into the cold and gloom of New York's 7th Regiment Armory

for the national indoor championships. "Fellow could get killed in this light with these bounces," he remarked, "but it's the same for everyone else as for me." Olmedo put on a dazzling show to win title from Dick Savitt.

FIVE FOR THE BOOK

IT was very likely the best indoor track meet of all time. Ron Delany, who came only to win, had to break his own world indoor record to do it and, for one of the few times in his career, he circled the track at Madison Square Garden after his victory to cheers, not boos. Parry O'Brien, tastefully attired in shorts and a silk-net shirt, came to the only indoor meet he'll compete in this season to break his own world record, and he did. He set the tone for the evening on his first shotput, lofting the leather-covered ball 62 feet 13½ inches to the accompaniment of a mighty grunt which seemed made up in equal parts of effort and satisfaction.

The first of the five world records which made this AAU Indoor Championships unique was set in the afternoon in the relative privacy of the Squadron A Armory, where 270-pound Bob Backus wheeled the 85-pound weight out 66 feet 23½ inches to break a record he had set last season. John Thomas, the tall, almost wordless young man who seems bent on raising the high-jump ceiling into the rafters, bettered Russian Yuriy Stepanov's world outdoor record by skinning over the bar at 7 feet 1½ inches. And before that a slight, fair young man named Bill Dellinger took almost nine seconds off the indoor record for three miles, doing the 33 laps in 13:37. Technically, his record was probably the best of the evening, but it was hard to differentiate among the set of five wonderful performances that made the meet memorable.

Photographs by Martin Nathan

TIPTOEING into the tape, Ron Delany runs into a camera flash as he breaks his own world indoor record in the mile.





A SATISFIED SMILE lights the face of young John Thomas after record leap.



OLD CHAMP Greg Rice (left) looks on as Bill Dellinger signs new-record form.



THROWING his weight around brought new world record for hefty Bob Backus.

TIPTOEING to barrier, Percy O'Brien looks shot to break on his first attempt the world indoor record he set last year.



SET 'EM UP IN ST. LOUIS, LOUIS

THE old "see you at the fair" song was never more apt, for the bowlers on these 38 lanes in the St. Louis Armory are just the first of 5,500 (yes, 5,500) teams of bowlers who will be competing there for 60 days in the 56th American Bowling Congress Championships.

Until just four weeks ago the workaday St. Louis Armory resembled any other—vast, dark and covered by



a well-used drill floor. Then, in a smoothly humming rush to accommodate bowlers from 44 states, Hawaii and as far away as Saudi Arabia, the sponsors brought in 185,000 lineal feet of pine and maple and a dozen freight carfuls of equipment and turned the old armory into a gleaming success in 19 days.

By the time the last coat of lacquer was applied and

the last automatic Pinspotter put in place, St. Louis had a handsome, if temporary, temple for a game that is building shrines to itself in just about everybody's neighborhood these days. Two months hence, after the 1959 championships, the St. Louis Armory will revert to an armory. These shiny new championship alleys? Already bought up for transfer to new sites in the area.



IN OSLO'S SIGLET STADIUM, RED CHINESE, WHO DID VERY WELL THEMSELVES, ATTENTIVELY STUDY WESTERN SPEED SKATING STYLES

'CLIP, CLOP' FOR RED CHINA

Photographs by Jerry Cooke

HARDLY a week goes by without Radio Peiping claiming yet another record for Red China's athletes, and hardly ever does the outside world see China's new elite in action. But a fortnight ago in Oslo a chance came, when a team from Red China turned up among those of 14 nations to compete for the world speed skating championships. The most successful of the Chinese skaters was a lithe 22-year-old named Yang Chu-cheng, who comes from Harbin, Manchuria, where the ponds freeze early and stay frozen. Twice Yang faced Russia's great Gennadii Voronin, lost to him by two inches in 500 meters, next day beat him in their heat of the 1,500 meters.

The Oslo crowd, taking a liking to Yang, chanted the words of an old Norwegian children's song: "*Klipp, klipp, knawwen, knawwen!* (Clip, clop, Chinaman)." But such admiration did not atone, in the eyes of Red China's coach, for his squad's failure to do even better. "Wait till five years from now," he said brusquely.



RED ENHANCE follows photo finish for the 500-meter championship as China's Yang congratulates Russia's winning Voronin.



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Live Wire Restrung

TEN YEARS ago big league baseball's liveliest promoter sold out his interest in the Cleveland Indians at a profit of some \$600,000, and local bleacher fans went into virtual mourning. In his three-and-a-half-year tenure, Bill Veeck, a fabulous, uninhibited, pink-haired exhibitionist of 35 who had wandered into town almost unknown, had turned the Indians from a rundown, spurned ball club into world champions and made himself the most talked-about character in baseball.

In the decade since then—as this magazine was arguing just the other day—big league baseball has grown no livelier. Veeck himself, having moved over into part ownership of the St. Louis Browns, was eventually forced out altogether. But all the time, it was said, despite his activities on multifarious fronts (he once tried to buy the Ringling circus), Veeck longed to get back to baseball's big time.

Last week he was back in baseball's vestibule, and the promise of livelier days ahead in the big league ball parks picked up.

The announcement was made to a group of reporters waiting patiently in Chicago's Sheraton-Blackstone Hotel with an un-Veecklike lack of flamboyance. Except for the fact that his neck, as always, was innocent of formal collar or tie and his coat was a floppy blue sports jacket, the putative new bossman of the Chicago White Sox seemed all business. "It is obvious," he told the sportswriters, "that we [a five-man syndicate of friends, including Hank Greenberg of the Hall of Fame] have exercised our option to buy 54% of the shares of the White Sox owned by Mrs. [Dorothy Comiskey] Rigney."

Since the shares were not yet actu-

ally his by purchase and since a large block of the team's stock would continue to rest in the hands of Mrs. Rigney's often contentious brother Charles (Chuck) Comiskey, Veeck declined to say more, but those who remembered his days in Cleveland had reason to hope for plenty of news in the future.

Bill Veeck, whose father was part of the Cubs' management, is a Chicagoan by birth. "This has always

been my first choice of a city in which to operate," he said. As for the future: "Our aim is to make the White Sox as strong as possible and to make the games entertaining to the fans."

Even if this noble aim were not achieved, Veeck himself seemed certain to make up the lack. An ex-Marine who came out of the war with a badly mauled left leg, he had the leg amputated midway through his

continued

COMISKEYS QUARREL OVER SALE OF WHITE SOX CLUB TO VEECK—News Item



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Cleveland career, and three days after leaving the hospital threw a party as a formal debut for the new artificial leg. The object soon became one of Cleveland's better-known debutants. In trains, restaurants and press conferences thereafter, Veeck would whip it off before the eyes of horrified spectators with the casual remark: "This damn thing itches." Then, just as casually, he would massage the offending stump. Bill Veeck is perhaps the only man who has ever successfully wandered into Manhattan's "21" Club without a tie.

Staid Cleveland in the '40s had never seen anything like him. He was the most lavish tipper the town had ever known. His demands on local florists were so constant that they begged him to spread his trade around so that their stocks would not always be depleted. He picked fights with his field manager Lou Boudreau, got the team talked about, gave away free nylons and orchids on ladies' days, argued baseball with the bleacher fans while the games were going on, sprawling on an empty seat beside them and gorging popcorn like everyone else. In those days the irrepressible Veeck never bothered much with such formalities as stockholders' meetings. As chief stockholder, president and manager, he ran the Indiana

as he saw fit, paid his investors generous dividends and gave the fans their money's worth.

After a while he sensed even greater opportunities in St. Louis and, to the distress of the white-piped vests of Organized Baseball, took over the Browns for a time. Disillusioned, Veeck sent up a midget to pinch-hit one night (the midget walked), and Organized Baseball has never got over that.

Nobody can foretell what lies ahead for the Chicago White Sox. It's possible that Veeck may not bring off his option. But if he does, it seems inevitable that American League baseball—just say baseball—will live up a lot.

War Between the States

JUST WHEN everybody was getting braced for the centennial of the Civil War, to be ushered in with ghostly echoes of the guns at Fort Sumter a year from now, comes news of fresh marchings, *démarches* and military mutterings between Nevada and California. You'll remember (SI, July 11, '55 et seq.) that Alec Cushing didn't really begin to get going on his plans to bring the 1960 Winter Olympics to California's Squaw Valley until after enterprisers around

Reno were trying to get the Games for Nevada. Well, historians of wars between states may someday decide that Alec Cushing's Olympics Raid was the triggering cause of the 1959 war between Nevada and California, something like John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry 100 years ago this October.

Anyhow, by a vote of 26-6, the lower house of the Nevada legislature



has whipped through a bill instructing the state's attorney general to take "legal action" to grab a 40,000-square mile slice of California (and all taxes paid into the California treasury on the land since 1863, plus compound interest), an area about the size of Kentucky, which slopes down the eastern range of the Sierra toward the Nevada frontier.

It is hard not to sympathize with Nevada, for if there is anything which that vast and dusty state really needs it is 40,000 square miles or so of forested mountain slopes, plunging trout streams, a glistening Lake Tahoe—and, for that matter, Squaw Valley. If its attorney general can bring off his task by this time next year, indeed, the 1960 Olympics will take place in Squaw Valley, Nev.

But the attorney general is not going to have an easy time. His pitch will be based on the historical fact that in 1861 the Congress of the United States assigned 40,000 acres on the eastern slope of the Sierra to the then territory of Nevada, provided Nevada could persuade the California legislature to approve. The California legislature didn't approve then, does not approve now, and presumably never will. "Those gamblers are just trying another gamble," said a California lawmaker last week, as some of his colleagues spoke of commissioning a navy for the defense of Lake Tahoe. "Let us remain cool and keep our powder dry."

Said another California legislator: "I'm willing to accept volunteers for

They Said It

BILL RIGNEY, broken-jawed (auto accident) manager of San Francisco's Giants, assessing his threat to umpires in early 1959: "I can still kiss at them."

FRANK LEAHY, onetime football coach at Notre Dame, paraphrasing William Tecumseh Sherman: "I have retired from coaching and have no intention of returning to it under any circumstances, anywhere in the country, for any reason whatsoever."

KAROL FAHEROS, Golden Goddess of Tennis and fifth-ranked U.S. woman player last year, announcing her retirement from tournament play: "From now on I'll play tennis just for fun and relaxation. Wearing golden panties was a cornball idea, I guess, but it turned out great for me."

LEROY (Satchel) PAIGE, 50, explaining that he asked the Miami Marlins for unconditional release: "I've retired from them, but they haven't retired from me."

JOHN BRIDGERS, newly appointed football coach at Baylor University, to alumni of that Baptist school, which has not won a conference football championship since 1924: "I would like to remind you that patience is a Christian virtue."

an expeditionary force for the state line." Troop may not prove necessary; the Nevada senate has not yet voted for action. But if any shots are fired at Squaw Valley, for Squaw Valley or by Squaw Valley we'll be the first to let you know.

Finnegan's Rainbow

THAT disappointing horse we told you about last week, Finnegan, came up grandly from behind on Saturday to win the \$56,000 San Felipe handicap at Santa Anita, thus bringing great confusion to the 3-year-old picture in California. The word from California on Saturday night was that the popular words and music for Finnegan—"F-I-double N-E/G-A-N spells him again"—are being rewritten into a joyful, but still guarded, "Off again, on again, gone again, Finnegan!"

The Calumet Front

MEANWHILE, in Florida, Calumet Farm sent out its old reliable 7-year-old, Bardstown, with instructions to win the \$100,000 Widener Stakes. Bardstown won, as expected, and brought a satisfied smile to the broad face of Trainer Jimmy Jones. So far in the Hialeah season, Calumet had won mostly no-account races for nickel-and-dime purses, and Bardstown has been, astonishingly, Calumet's only major stakes winner this year. Jimmy Jones has been in the odd situation, for him, of accepting crocodile condolences from other trainers over the prospect that he may not have a "Derby horse" in his whole devil's-reef barn.

Now hear Jimmy Jones himself on this subject. For a man who habitually says he has "nothing" for any Derby, Jones was quite frank early in the week: "I have only two horses who might make it, but their chances aren't bright at the moment. They could of course improve." The two: Toroculic, a son of Bull Lea, who has run four or five times without success, and On-and-On, a Nasrullah out of Two Lea—a mating which not only gives On-and-On "pretty good folks" but which also makes this hand-

some bay a half brother to Tim Tam.

"On-and-On," says Calumet's owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, "has always been what we call a 'don't care kid.' Jimmy tells me that if the colt has got it he can get him ready for the Derby. But the question is, has he got it?"

Until Saturday, a few hours before Bardstown took to the fast Hialeah track, On-and-On had never really had a chance to show whether he has it or not. He injured a hind leg in his stall at Chicago last summer, and since then a slow recovery has kept him relatively inactive. When he did get to the races he behaved like a blue-blooded young swell more interested in having a good time than in doing his Calumet homework.

This complete unconcern with important Calumet matters on the part of On-and-On qualified him perfectly for Saturday's second race at Hialeah: a maiden affair with a skimpy \$9,500 purse. Well, On-and-On must have wanted to steal some of Bardstown's limelight, because he won in a romp,

turning the seven furlongs in 1:24½ and winning by four and a half lengths. Withhold your tears for Calumet a while longer.

Pixies in the Garden

THE INTERNATIONAL Boxing Club, which doesn't have a president any more, began to fade last week like a Cheshire cat and could be discerned vaguely as a faint grin on the face of Gus D'Amato. Truman Gibson resigned as president of the IBC. All that remained of it to be swept out of Madison Square Garden were a few legal papers calling for deferred payments for past performances of such fighters as Rocky Marciano and Sugar Ray Robinson.

Federal Judge Sylvester Ryan, who had outlawed the International Boxing Club as a monopoly, approved the purchase of the Garden by Graham-Paige Corporation, but only after a clause had been added to the deal

continued



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

to prevent James D. Norris from sneaking in the Garden's back gate by buying Craham-Paige stock.

A few hours later the new owners—Rear Admiral John J. Bergen, USNR, and Irving Mitchell Felt, chairman and president of Craham-Paige, respectively—sat at a table in the sports-motifed rooms of the Madison Garden Club and dropped discreet hints about their plans. A couple of University of Penn men, they have for years teamed up as "specialists in special situations," by which they mean that they like to take over inefficient companies and modernize them into profitable concerns. They did it, for instance, with the Childs restaurant chain. Now, it would appear, they would like to do it with the Garden.

They gave immediate recognition, for instance, to the possibilities inherent in pay TV, and have already been talking with representatives of Skiatron and Telemeter, two concerns which would like very much to pipe sports events into your home TV set provided you would be willing to drop a quarter or a dollar into a slot they would provide for the purpose. Pay TV dreamers believe a \$5 million gate could be realized from half dollars and a big prizefight. The pay idea is, of course, anathema to the TV networks, which have been lobbying against it.

Now, since the Garden has an expiring contract to supply Friday night fights to the National Broadcasting Company's highly anti-pay TV network, it must be assumed that Bergen and Felt were not acting lightly in announcing their interest in pay TV. They are either seriously considering the presentation of Garden sports events by the pay TV plan or they are seriously considering that the prospect of pay TV might lead to instant renewal of their NBC contract, which runs only until June 30. You could figure it any way you liked. Cards were being played close to the chest.

"I think," said Ned Irish, freshly installed as Madison Square Garden's new president, "that they [pay TV and free TV] are compatible." He smiled when he said it.

Coach Insurance

THE FRINGE BENEFIT, already odd—that to most football coaches, showed up at the University of Missouri last week with a stylish new twist. Departing radically from the *démodé* station wagon, the home on the campus or the lucrative Sunday evening TV program, Missouri alumni gave Coach Dan Devine a \$150,000 life insurance policy. An ordinary life contract, the gift has an annual premium of \$3,507, which will be paid from a trust fund nourished by alumni and "friends of the university." The trust is set up for 20 years, an oblique vote of confidence any coach could appreciate.

Devine, who began at Missouri last year with assets of an undefeated season at Arizona State (Tempe) and liabilities of a large mortgage and small bank account, is delighted with the policy. "I had started an insurance program," he said, "but it was only just a start for a fellow with a family as big as mine." (He has five children, with the sixth expected this week.) "I've moved three times in my coaching career, and lost a little money each time."

Devine need worry no more about moving expenses so long as he sits tight at Missouri. Even if he should be fired he would get whatever had accrued as equity in the policy. But if he quits, he would do well to look both ways before crossing a street.



High Brow

He climbed up the peak
To the manner born,
And claimed it was mind
Over Masterborn.

—ROBERT FITCH

Under that condition, he gets neither equity nor insurance.

Missouri may have pioneered something here.

Just the Facts, Ma'am

As reporters of the Westminster Kennel Club show every year (SI, Feb. 23, for instance), we hear a good many dog stories that have to be checked out. Like this one last Thursday.

Phone rang at 9:35 a.m. and caller identified himself as New Jersey-Manhattan commuter. Said he'd heard on the train about the shocking business at the Westminster. Two dogs poisoned. One of them the Welsh terrier who went best in the terrier group—so shaky from the poisoner's work that he missed best-in-show. The other a Skye terrier—so done in that he couldn't get on his feet for the judgments.

9:40: Dog show reporter assigned to get out the dragnet.

9:45: Quick check of papers turns up nothing on poisonings.

9:50: Call made to American Kennel Club supervisors of Westminster show. "Heard something about a sick dog," AKC reported. "No official reports made. Will check further."

10:00: Director of AKC called back. No verification of story. "Sounds like another rumor."

10:35: Reached Hugh Chisholm, owner of winning terrier. "Dog in perfect health. No illness during show."

10:40: Checked Westminster Kennel Club. Had "heard about sick terrier." Not Welsh. Skye, owned by party on Long Island. No complaint filed.

10:45: Call made to owner of sick Skye. "Terrible thing," owner reported. "Took him home day after show. Noticed gums and eyes were red. Took him to hospital. He'll be home in a few days. You should come and see him."

"Heard he was poisoned," reporter interrupted.

"Poisoned! Goodness no. Absolutely not. Liver and kidney infection. Might happen to any dog."

11:00: Investigation completed. No story. **END**



SKI



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PATINAGE-GLACE



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A ROULETTES



GRIPPER



MARCHE



VOILE

FITNESS FRONTIER A LA FRANCAISE

BY THIS YEAR's end, the amiably agile if somewhat emaciated little characters cavorting around the borders of this page may well have sparked a new enthusiasm for sport in an ancient European nation. They are the official symbols of a modern decathlon organized last December by the National Sports Committee of France to get more Frenchmen and Frenchwomen to take up sport "in a permanent, if moderate, way."

With characteristic lack of sentiment, the promoters of the decathlon, a group operating independent of the government but under its blessing, have aimed their effort not at youngsters (who already have both urge and opportunity aplenty for play) but at young adults standing uncertainly at the brink of a sedentary future of middle-age spread. With Gallie *flair*, they have offered a wide choice of events ranging from such basic endeavors as hiking, swimming and jumping to mechanized complexities like parachuting, gliding and flying helicopters.

To qualify at year's end for the gold, silver or bronze badge of participation, every decathlete (except those over 40) must turn in minimal performances at hiking (15 kilos for women; 30 for men), running (five kilos in 27 minutes for men; 1.5 kilos in nine minutes for women) and swimming (one kilo in 30 minutes for men, one kilo in 35 for women). He may then choose any other seven sports to complete the course, the value of his medal depending on the difficulty and variety of the choice. The brave men and women over 40 who join the program may choose any 10 sports they like and all of their medals will be gold, provided they last the distance.

Every sport will be supervised by local experts; every entrant must pass a medical exam. And at the end of it all, the French committee hopes, there will be special prizes for some and vastly increased health and enjoyment for everyone.

END



SAUTS



PLONGEON



PLANEUR



EQUATION



EQUIL





AFTER SUDDEN BLIZZARD, AVALANCHE CREW FIRES ARTILLERY AT NEWLY FORMED AND DANGEROUS SNOWFIELD TO FORCE SLIDE

A BIG PLUS FOR SQUAW VALLEY

Everything bad seemed to happen, but the site of the 1960 Olympics came through its first test in fine style

by EZRA BOWEN

LAKE TAHOE sits on the California-Nevada border near Reno in the eastern reaches of the soaring Sierra Nevada. Just west of the lake is a cirque-like valley, called Squaw. To Squaw Valley last week came skiers from 14 countries, including the Soviet Union, mainly to compete in the North American Alpine and Nordic Ski Championships but also to take a good look at this practically unknown area that one year from now will be the site of the Winter Olympics.

Three and a half years ago, when Alec Cushing, owner of the Squaw Valley Lodge, was scuttling back from Paris with the 1960 Winter Olympics tucked under his arm, he was col-

lared in Chicago by Avery Brundage. "Cushing," said Brundage, "you're going to set back the Olympic movement 25 years."

Brundage had a good argument. Cushing had given the International Olympic Committee a fine sales talk, but all he actually had to offer in Squaw Valley along the line of Olympic facilities was one lodge, one double chair lift, one ghostly tram and a horseshoe of mountains that were forever avalanching.

Brundage felt that Cushing had sold a bill of goods and that—taking into consideration the cost of turning Squaw into a suitable Olympic site, the tremendous effort required and

the short time available—the whole thing would be a colossal flop.

To anyone who sloshed into Cushing's valley last week, it looked as though Brundage's gloomy prophecy would certainly come true. The valley was a mess. A blizzard had dumped 63 inches of avalanche-prone powder in 42 hours. When the snow stopped, the wind started and blew for three days, piling up huge drifts and cornices on the three Olympic hills—Papoose Peak, KT-22 and Squaw Peak. Then the wind stopped and the rain began—two inches of cold winter drizzle. The rain turned the beautiful powder to slush, and turned Squaw Valley's dirt roads into a series of meandering bogs and rivers. When the rain stopped, the snow started again and came down for three more days, nearly 50 inches of it.

While this incredible weather was making the valley floor resemble a scene from the retreat from Moscow,

the effect on the mountains and the Olympic ski trails was even more devastating. Each morning six U.S. Forest Service avalanche experts attacked the mountains to cut down avalanche hazards. To a late riser in the valley, the first sign that the avalanche crews were out was the boom-bang of the 75-mm. and 105-mm. recoilless rifles that were used to bring down big cornices and start loose snowfields sliding. Then there was the more remote and sporadic thump of the hand-thrown seismicographic powder charges, carried to places the big guns could not reach. At noon or later, the six men would come swinging down out of the snow, soaking wet, exhausted. And as the week wore on, each time they came down, another trail, another slope and finally another mountain was declared unsafe, shut to both recreational skiers and racers.

The first course to be declared unusable was the men's downhill on Squaw Peak. It was closed off on Monday, Feb. 16 and two days later Avalanche Expert Monty Atwater declared that he didn't see how the course could possibly be opened in time for the North Americans. Accordingly, plans were made to transfer the men's downhill to KT-22. But by Wednesday night, there was more bad news. "This KT-22 has just about got us backed into a corner," said Atwater. "It's got a complete overload of snow, and it's been letting go artificially and naturally all day. These aren't just surface slides. There's one on the west side of KT seven feet deep and a thousand feet long. We may have to close KT-22 and run the whole thing on Papoose."

Beyond the atrocious weather there were other troubles. An Army detachment assigned to Squaw to operate and maintain the heavy equipment the Army had loaned for the Olympics piled out of its buses and headed smartly toward its working quarters. Unfortunately, the man who was supposed to prepare the Army offices had the mumps, the building was locked, no one had the key, and when the colonel in charge finally boosted a man through the window he found the offices bare of furniture. Many of the rooms in the Olympic village had no chairs, tables or bureaus, and a few of them had, until late last week, no beds.

That was not the end of Squaw Valley woes. There was no gas station in the valley where tire chains could be put on and parts battered

by the rutted roads repaired. Until last week there was no direct telegraph service into the valley. The telephone switchboards serving the valley were overloaded to the point of near collapse. A fire blackened four rooms in one of the brand-new dormitories in the Olympic village. And the ski jump avalanched.

Mr. Brundage at this point appeared to be right. But, oddly and happily—and barring an absolute catastrophe, the 1960 Winter Olympics are going to be a success.

The main reasons for optimism are the clear evidence of the staggering amount of organizational work and actual building that has already been accomplished, and the fact that, despite everything, the North American championships went off beautifully—or nearly so.

The funds were raised—mostly from the California legislature, and the U.S. Congress, with an assist from the state of Nevada—and principally through the efforts of Prentiss Hale, president of the Organizing Committee. The work was done, with Willy Schaeffler and the tremendously able mountain men chopping and blasting mile after mile of ski runs and trails through the Squaw Valley wilderness.

On the valley floor similar heroic efforts were performed by the Olympic people and their building contractors. By the time the first contestants arrived for the North Americans last week, all the buildings in the Olympic village but the reception center

and the athletes' dining hall were finished and ready to house the contestants, if under somewhat Spartan conditions. The ski jump was ready. The speed-skating rink was ready. The administration building was ready. The press building was ready enough. The Olympic ice arena was nothing more than orange girders reaching up out of the snow; but beneath the snow the refrigeration equipment was in, and it was certain that the arena would be completely ready by next fall. So will everything else, including the new sodden, rutted roads which will be paved as soon as the last of the heavy construction equipment moves out.

Two days before the first event, life in Squaw Valley was decidedly better. The sun broke out and burned clear and hot all day. On the valley floor a semblance of order began to replace the soggy chaos of the early week. Phone calls got through, people found other people, the California highway patrol arrived to take control of the hideous traffic snarl, and the ski racers started to gripe—a sure sign that the North Americans were approaching a normal state.

Schaeffler, the irascible perfectionist who at one point seemed to be trying singlehandedly to bludgeon the Alpine events through as scheduled, finally gave in to the rest of the race committee. The ladies' slalom was pulled off lower Papoose and put on next to the men's slalom on lower KT-22, so there would be one less

continued



TWO MUCH SNOW is foot-packed by Army crew on slalom hill. Two blizzards within one week dumped more than 100 inches of snow on Squaw Valley after mild winter.



BUD WERNER of Steamboat Springs, Col., who won slalom championship, flashes down Squaw slope. In giant slalom he placed second to Christian Pravda of Sun Valley.

SQUAW VALLEY continued

slope to pack. The schedule was changed to start off the meet with the slalom: the giant slalom was moved to Sunday to allow an extra day to work on the long giant slalom trails. Finally, the downhill was postponed until Tuesday.

With their chore a little less impossible, the course chiefs and their assistants began to get the runs under control. Up on the high mountain, Nelson Bennett led struggling, fondering vics of some two dozen foot packers from the peak of KT-22 through hip-deep snow all the way down the 1,800-meter men's giant slalom. Then he took them up on the chair lift and led them down twice more. Next a crew of skiers side-stepped the entire course twice, and finally the ski crew side-slipped it from top to bottom. The same performance was taking place on the ladies' downhill only a few hundred yards away. The ladies' giant slalom course on Papoose was already under control.

Down on the slalom runs, the course setters—Friedl Pöfßer on the ladies' course and Stein Eriksen on the men's—herded their own packers up and down the hill, tossing ammonium chloride into the snow to harden it against the banging and

churning of the heavy, sharp-edged slalom skis. By Friday afternoon the slalom poles were in, the courses as ready as they were going to be.

At 9 sharp Saturday morning, the loudspeaker announced that Stein Eriksen was in the starting gate, ready to come down as forerunner on his own course. And down he came, looking as though he had invented not only the course but the entire art of slalom skiing. Right after him came the first racer, Osamu Tada of Japan, light, quick, cutting cleanly through all the 59 gates, flashing across the finish in 67.6 seconds, the first competitor to race over Squaw Valley's official Olympic courses since the major building program got under way.

Tada's time held through the next 10 racers. Then America's best skier, Buddy Werner, came rocketing over the steep pitch at the top of the course. Werner is small, but very powerful. His skis chatter and throw up clouds of snow. He bangs into gates, skates hard for more speed and dives into his turns. Nevertheless, a gatekeeper broke the official order of silence to call out, "Doesn't he look beautiful?"

He did—not graceful, not classic, but giving off the same sort of excitement that Mickey Mantle generates even when he takes batting

practice along with other fine hitters.

Ten feet from the finish, obviously faster than anyone else, Werner staggered. His skis spread apart, one knee almost buckled, and he started to take one of the last-second spills that have cost him at least half a dozen major international victories. This time, however, he held, pumped once with his poles, then flipped them out ahead of him to break the electric eye timer in 67.1. His second run was even better—66.8—and Buddy Werner became the North American men's slalom champion. That afternoon Linda Meyers made an excellent first run, checked carefully on a conservative second run to hold off Stalina Korsukhina of Russia, for the ladies' title. Squaw Valley had been blooded.

But after his victory, Werner had a few sharp words for the Olympic brass. "They've got a lot to learn here," he said.

They do have a lot to learn but, according to the man who counts, they have learned enough. Friedl Wolfgang, the downhill slalom technical delegate from the Fédération Internationale de Ski, looked at the slalom races and pronounced it good. Had he pronounced it bad, Squaw Valley's Alpine facilities might have been in for an agonizing reappraisal.

But Herr Wolfgang was pleased. "You see," he said, "they have three courses here that are very good: both slalom courses and the men's giant slalom. The ladies' downhill and giant slalom are good. The men's downhill on Squaw Peak is—possible. There is the long flat run at the bottom where your skis are doing nothing. It is on the borderline between possible and impossible. But we could say that the other five courses are so good that we could point to Squaw Peak and say, 'Here is where we will race.'"

He continued, "You need next year at least 400 men, well-equipped, good boots and good skis—not workmen—to pack the hills a month before the Games. And you must have alternate dates for the events. You see, in Europe we have alternate courses, so that if there is no snow down low, we can hold the same race up higher. But here you have so much snow, you do not need and do not have alternate courses. So you must have alternate dates.

"Now, that is what I say about Squaw Valley, but at the end I say, a big plus."

END

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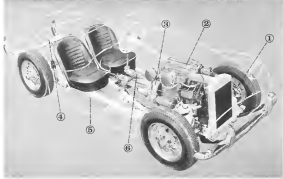
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BEACHES, BEVERAGES, BONEFISH, BASEBALL

With a few special flourishes and a scattering of new faces, spring training arrives again

by ROY TERRELL

SPRING TRAINING, that delightful social activity designed to keep ballplayers off the street corners during daylight hours when the dog tracks are not running, has arrived again (see cover). In Phoenix and St. Petersburg, in Tucson and Tampa, the big leaguers are gathering and the pepper games have begun. In many ways 1959 will be no different from all the years before.

A dozen very special rookies will have more words written of their prowess than either Mantle or Mays, although once the season begins most of the names will hit print again only in *Banghamton* and *Fort Worth* and *Des Moines*. A journeyman Triple-A outfielder, fresh from a winter of baseball in the Caribbean, will lead the Citrus and Sagebrush leagues in home

runs—until the big league curve balls begin to break. The real veterans, the good ones with job security, will pass a pleasant six weeks rounding slowly into shape, the familiar old routine broken up by afternoons spent lounging on the beach with their families, and fishing trips, and card games, and conversations with old friends. That undecorated hero, the trainer, will hum happily at his work. The sun will shine and the palms will sway lazily in the soft southern breeze and for 14 managers this will be the best time of all. No one loses in the spring.

Yet 1959 is different and already it has assumed an identity of its own. For instance:

Al Lopez, who once again must try to overtake the Yankees without power hitting or relief pitching, isn't even sure who his boss is going to be. If Chuck Comiskey owns the White Sox, that is one thing. If Bill Veeck takes over, that is something else. It would be nice if Al could know now whether his No. 1 pinch hitter is going to be Ron Jackson or a midget.

While that muscular young Giant

lineup is pretty well set, Bill Rigney must win his managerial job back from Salty Parker, who once had quite a reputation down in the Texas League. But then Rigney's accident may be a blessing in disguise. The year that Don Larsen set a new record for driving an automobile up a telephone pole in St. Pete, he pitched a no-hitter in the World Series. Maybe the Giants can get there, too. It's funny how things start.

Tony Kubek, who has not been driving as long as Rigney or with anything matching Larsen's flair, was picked up doing 80 on the New Jersey Turnpike. This is entirely out of character and can be explained only by news that the Yankees, while awaiting Kubek's discharge from the Army in April, are going to take a look at another shortstop named Norman O'Neill. It is quite possible, however, that Tony's fears are groundless. For one thing, O'Neill is a cricket player out of Australia and, while his .400 batting average is impressive, it must be noted that there are no Bob Turleys and Dick Donovans among the rounders set in New South Wales. Also, the Aussies may not let him go, even between cricket seasons. They never have forgotten what happened to Phar Lap.

There are new managers at St. Louis (Solly Hemus) and Cincinnati (Mayo Smith), while three others—Bill Norman (Detroit), Joe Gordon (Cleveland), Eddie Sawyer (Philadelphia)—get their big chance to run



EBULLIENT BILL VEECK, partner Hank Greenberg duiker for stock in White Sox.



CONVALESCENT RIGNEY checks batting tips, thinks of Giants, who need pitching.



CONFIDENT GENERAL MANAGER Joe Brown signs tenth young Dick Stuart for Pirates.

things from the start. All five should win pennants easily.

Milwaukee, which has never won a pennant without Red Schoendienst, may have to try to win this one without either Red or his No. 1 caddy, Mel Roach, who, virtually unnoticed, hit .309 last year. While Schoendienst recovers from tuberculosis, Roach still limps from a slow-to-heal knee. This leaves Felix Mantilla at second base and Fred Haney in trouble.

Behind Haney, however, stands a strong front office: John McHale, Detroit's ex-boy wonder, who is now Milwaukee general manager, and George R. Tebbetts, the executive vice-president. Tebbetts? *Birdie* Tebbetts? Behind Haney? Gad, maybe Fred is in trouble.

The Detroit Tigers have solved their third base-shortstop problem by obtaining Eddie Yost and Rocky Bridges from the Washington Senators. The Washington Senators have solved their third base-shortstop problem by obtaining Reno Bertoia and Ron Samford from the Detroit Tigers.

Frank Lane, who traded off Early Wynn last year and can't count on Herb Score or Mike Garcia or Bob Lemon to win one game for Cleveland this time out, has now traded away the two best relief pitchers in the American League, Ray Narleski and Don Mossi, too. To take up the slack, Lane procured a second baseman named Billy Martin who should be able to stop some of the balls the opposition will hit back through the hole left by Wynn, Score, Garcia, Lemon, Narleski and Mossi.

Rocky Nelson is back in the majors.

Ted Williams will probably play in exhibition games for the first time since he turned 40; the Red Sox are training in Arizona instead of Florida, and there are no bonefish in Scottsdale.

Stan Musial, who was moved to first base three years ago because he could no longer play the outfield, is going to play the outfield.

The Yankees, who received reams of publicity by threatening to slash half the salaries on the ball club (as Gil McDougald said, "Who do they think we're the World Series? The Braves?"), finally got around to offering everyone just about what he wanted. Mickey Mantle, of course, was holding out for a later bed check, and Whitey Ford had wanted to select his own beverages.

END



NEW TIGERS NARLESKI, ROACH, BENDERET HUDDLE WITH MANAGER BILL NORMAN



ORIGLES' \$100,000 BONUS BABY, DAVE NICHOLSON, GETS SET FOR PITCH IN MIAMI



YANKEES' WHITEY FORD (WITH FAMILY) ANGLES FOR FISH, FATTER CONTRACT

BRAYERS' CLUBHOUSE BOSS JOE TAYLOR HELPS ROACH EXERCISE INJURED KNEE



The back-seat drivers

Just as behind every successful man there's a woman, so behind the world record holder is the runner-up who pushed him. Here's how a record looks from second place

AL LAWRENCE is a slight, hollow-cheeked young man of 28 who comes from New South Wales in Australia. Istvan Rozsavolgyi is a painfully thin, hollow-cheeked young man of 29 who comes from Budapest. Both Lawrence and Rozsavolgyi were responsible for world records in the National AAU Indoor championships at Madison Square Garden last week (see page 29), but you won't find their names in the record books.

Lawrence, setting a pace designed to kill the opposition, pulled and then pushed Bill Dellinger to a truly remarkable 13:37 world indoor record in the three-mile. Rozsavolgyi, skinny legs scussoring in an effortlessly smooth stride, forced Ron Delany to break his own world indoor record in the mile with a time of 4:02.5.

The story behind the two men who finished behind the records is remarkably similar, because they faced very similar problems. The distance races are often won in strategic planning before the gun goes off, and Lawrence and Rozsavolgyi had arrived at nearly exactly the same battle strategies.

"I wanted to run a level race, at about 4:03," Rozsavolgyi said, through an interpreter, "and force Delany to beat that if he could. I am in better condition than I was last year, but I still find running on these thin, short indoor tracks funny, and I did not run a good race. My race went according to schedule, but I started my kick about a lap or a half-lap too early and I did not have enough left at the end to hold off Delany."

Rozsavolgyi started to open up with just over two laps to go in the race, but he was not running confidently. He gave the impression that he hoped he would not have to produce any more speed and he slowed his kick once or twice, looking back over his shoulder as Delany came on,

The Irishman, running with the imperturbable self-confidence which he has gained in 35 straight indoor victories, whisked by Rozsavolgyi as the gun sounded for the last lap and won by 10 yards. Although Rozsavolgyi's tactical plan failed, it set up Delany's world record.

Lawrence, who is studying radio and television arts at the University of Houston, is an extraordinarily articulate young man. The morning after the meet, he limped carefully through his hotel lobby and dropped gratefully into a booth in the coffee shop.

"My feet are a bit painful, you know," he said. "I developed two great blisters running last night and I think they are beginning to fester a bit. But they'll be all right when I get back running on grass. I run 12

or 13 miles on grass training nearly every day. The boards are hard on your feet. They get very hot in the last mile of a race like the one last night."

Lawrence's 13:38.6, good for second only, was still more than seven seconds under Greg Rice's old world record of 13:45.7.

"My plan did not work out the way I wanted it to," he said. "I was going to let Dellinger set the pace for the first mile, then run five very fast laps to drag his speed out of him, then finish as hard as I could. I planned to do about 9:18 for the first two miles, but I went through that point at 9:09 and might have done faster except that Dellinger's time for the first half mile was a bit off. He was doing the quarters in about 70 seconds and I preferred 67 or 68, so I began to set the pace after the first half mile. I felt very good, very full of running and I was rocking along at a good steady rhythm. I would rather let someone else set the pace, and running in Australia I used to run the

AL LAWRENCE SETS A RECORD PACE AS BILL DELLINGER PATIENTLY AWAITS HIS TIME



kind of race Bill ran last night. Hold off the pace if it is a good enough one, then come from behind. I'm really a very poor front runner, but I find I must run in front here to get the pace fast enough. Then, last night, I was ticked a couple of times on the heels running behind Dellinger with the field bunched up, and at the half I abandoned my original strategy because I didn't want to be involved in a spill. Getting out front and stepping up the speed strings the chaps out a bit and you don't run that risk of being tripped."

He sipped from a glass of milk. "I could hear Dellinger's footsteps behind me," he said. "I was really concentrating on not hearing that hand, though. I was listening for the quarter times and figuring out the pace, but I was mostly concentrating on ignoring that hand. Once in Australia, in a mile race, I found myself listening to the music—a record, it was—and prancing along in time to it and ran a terribly slow race. Of course the beat was faster with this band, but I didn't want to find myself running in time to it."

BAND-AIDS FOR THE FEET

Johnny Morris, Lawrence's coach, stopped at the booth. "You got Band-aids and medicine and all you need for those feet?" he asked.

"Righto," Lawrence told him, and went back to the race.

"Dellinger is a very strong runner," he said. "I stepped up the pace in the third mile, but I could hear him at my shoulder all the time. A couple of laps from the finish, I started my kick, but he stayed right with me. It was a bit disconcerting when he passed me. There's nothing you can do, you know, if the other chap has more speed. I wanted to draw his speed out of him, and possibly I could have had I run the first two quarters faster. He is a very fine runner, though, and I don't think he has tapped his potential yet."

He finished his milk and prepared to leave.

"Nor have I, for that matter," he said. "I am really not very fast, you know, so I must drag the speed out of people like Dellinger. I think in another couple of weeks, should there be a three-mile to run, I can do around 13:30. But it was a very satisfying race. You can't really feel badly about it if you have done your best and run well and the other chap has done his best and won, can you?"

END

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Hanging on the morning line

A little-known but highly expert racing technician offers sound advice on the science and art of betting

WITHOUT the elements of sportsmanship, tradition and regard for breeding for its own sake, racing would soon lose its inmost savor as well as its civilizing influence on the community. But that is not to deny for a second that betting is what gives vigor to the world's most popular spectator sport; it is safe to guess that the memorable moments of racing in 1959 will be, for most of the 30 million Americans who pay to watch it this year, intimately associated with the winning or losing of money.

Betting on horses has to be sensible to be successful, and its enjoyability is largely a matter of character. Racegoers in this country have at their disposal the most luxurious facilities in the world. Nevertheless, there are precious few track regulars who hold their own playing the horses. The ones who do, live the studious, practical life of a mathematical researcher. By the use of common sense and the exercise of self-discipline, they resist the temptation to play hunches or to seek out the advice of somebody supposedly "in the know." They bet horses strictly on form, and nothing else, aware that deviation from this practice is as disastrous as Russian roulette.

What most racegoers often do not know or forget is the frantic urgency of their between-race business is that the most important bit of information to be found at any race track can be picked up absolutely free. What is it? The morning line odds

posted on the tote board before the betting pools open on each race, and at some tracks printed right in the program opposite the name of each horse in every race. While most track patrons accept these opening odds as official—and likewise as a natural point of departure for their own figuring on each race—they by and large are unaware that morning line odds are entirely the opinion of one man: a man paid by the track to guide rather than confuse the vast betting public.

The professional morning line price maker is one of the most valuable men on any track's payroll, although his job calls for anonymity. Most of the best price makers are veterans of the pari-mutuel department, a few are outside men who, although closely associated with racing, are seldom seen at the track. A friend of mine writes the morning line at three of the country's major tracks, works at his own regular job six days a week, rarely gets to the races more than 15 times a year, and yet for the last 10 years has been among the top men in this difficult and exacting profession. "It may sound strange," says Mr. Price Maker (he would prefer not to have his name used), "that I don't get to see the races more often. But while I do take advantage of everything I hear from the track, my job is essentially one of evaluation rather than of observation."

In the trade there are known to be two variations of the morning line.

One is the value line: the price maker's opinion of what odds the horses should be, based on his own interpretation of their form. The second is the probable odds line: the price maker's interpretation of how the public will bet, taking into consideration all the hundreds of factors which are likely to affect public opinion (some examples: a jockey in a hot streak will create a false price, unjustified favoritism for a name horse or name stable, possibility of changing track condition). "Most tracks prefer a happy medium of both the value line and the probable odds line," says Mr. Price Maker.

MASS PSYCHOLOGY

The work that goes into Mr. Price Maker's daily line takes him usually no more than two hours a night, which is about as fast as it's done anywhere. "Talk about who has to be in training these days," he jokes. "It's the price maker, not Arcaro. He is dealing with the psychology of 25,000 people all the time. It's a challenge—and a strain."

The first step in making a line is to take the entries and run over the past performance record of each horse on the card, maybe 110 horses a day. Explains Mr. Price Maker: "I usually start with the ones I think have very little chance to win and make them each 20 or 30 to 1. Once in a while I'll put a horse at 40 to 1, which is just my way of saying I think this creature has no chance at all. Then



SMOG-BOUND MUTUEL BOARD AT SANTA

WIN	PL	SH	9	7	4	9	8	17	8	5	20	24
2123	WIN	65906	11045	13953	11402	6235	19042	4540				
3046	PL	25886	5318	6135	5580	2861	10334	1932				
2807	SH	18346	4004	4407	4302	2317	7427	2004				

ANITA GIVES VALUABLE INFORMATION. GRAY FIGURES SHOW MORNING LINE. THUS NO. 1 OPENED AT 8 TO 5 AND CLOSED AT 3 TO 3

I'll get to the four or five who figure to have the best chance. But before giving them the first rough odds, I keep in mind the percentages of the betting table (see chart next page). I don't want to get too complicated with this explanation but, briefly, look at it this way: if you grade your money evenly in a typical eight-horse field you'll have a 100% book, but this is before compensation for the usual state tax and track take-out, which averages about 15%. Thus, while your book will break even without any take-out, it will lose with a take-out, and this 15% means that instead of getting 2 to 1 on your top horse his price will more likely have to be 9 to 5—a shift in percentage points from 33.33 to 35.71.

The professional price maker should allow himself an extra 20 to 23 total percentage points, and the ideal total percentage to shoot for whenever you're handicapping is about 123. Some newspaper (not *The Morning Telegraph* or *Daily Racing Form*) handicappers who don't pay as much attention to form as they should, run their percentage totals up to 160 and even 180, a practice which hardly gives their subscribers an accurate picture of what the final odds may be or a fair indication of what the respective horses are likely to pay.

"To digress for a moment on the structure of betting percentages, there was a time when a smart bettor—before the mutuels came in—could shop around the bookies and by bet-

ting at the right time he could 'Dutch' the book. Dutching a book is when the total percentages figure less than 100%, and the total money won on any single horse must exceed the money spent wagering on all the others.

"As to determining as nearly as possible the exact odds for the next day's full line, the price maker is faced with the same problems as the amateur probing the dope for himself. Only figuring it all out the night before he cannot know the scratches or which of the 'also eligibles' may draw in to the race. He must also take the weatherman's advance word on tomorrow's track conditions; he must take into consideration the fact that the hot half of an entry who would be running at even money by himself may scratch shortly before post time, leaving a 20-to-1 stablemate to run at ridiculously short odds.

"And, most important of all, he must reckon with the vagaries of a fickle crowd, a crowd so susceptible to whims, rumors and hunches that if he can come up with the post-time favorite at all it is an achievement. A top price maker will have the right favorite 85% of the time, and the national averages show that about 33% of all favorites win—so any bettor could certainly do worse than string along with the morning line man."

On the morning of the race the odds maker has another set of problems. When the scratches are in he must completely revise his line to compensate for withdrawn horses. Our Mr.

Price Maker estimates that he can switch odds on an entire card in about 10 minutes.

"Occasionally," says Mr. Price Maker, "I will write a line making a horse the favorite that I don't think will win. Sound crazy? Maybe, but remember I'm not being paid by the track to pick winners; I'm being paid to give the public the horse that I think will be the favorite, and one of the chief purposes of any morning line is to show the man who wants to bet early what his horse should pay—in relation to the others."

SOUND TIPS

I have asked Mr. Price Maker to give *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* readers some special hints on sensible race track wagering. He would be the last to claim that there is any sure way of beating the races on a day-in-day-out basis; at the same time he is usually as great an expert as can be found. In the following tips he gives you sound guidance (including a few ideas which are quite new) on what you should and should not do:

1) Learn how to read the past performance charts. Assuming, as I do, that sensible betting is based on form only, you won't know where to begin unless you know how to interpret form. *The Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form* tell almost everything there is to know about every horse. And if you don't know how to read their charts these papers will

continued

explain to you just how to do that.

2) If you want to bet strictly on opinion, bet on the opinion of the official track price maker who makes the morning line or program selections rather than your own. He knows more than you do—and is paid a good salary to put his opinion out in the open for your guidance.

3) If the lower-price horses on the morning line go up in odds before post time (a situation defined as an overlay) it is worth your consideration. Thus any horse opening at 2 to 1, or even as high as 5 to 1, which goes up is likely to be a better bet than one which goes down. A horse opening at 4 to 1 that closes at 10 to 1 is a better bet than a 4 to 1 going down to a 2 to 1. Overlays on horses which open at more than 5 to 1 are riskier because the betting percentage

difference is small enough to make the risk unworthy.

4) Do not base your selections on morning workouts, because only a man who is aware of training patterns will understand their trends and significances. For example, there is no way of determining the true intent of the workout or the weight of the exercise boy. A trainer, for instance, might well be more satisfied to see his horse go three quarters of a mile in 1:13 with a 148-pound boy up than go the same distance in 1:11 in the hands of a 97-pound boy. By the same token, it must be remembered that not all trainers press for fast workouts. In the morning, when trainers have a certain jurisdiction over the speed they want, some work their charges harder than others. One has only to compare the work tabs of horses trained by Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons (who often works a horse

hard) and Jimmy Jones (who does not) to note the difference in training patterns.

5) The practical better allows form to be more important to him than pedigree, because if pedigrees and conformation were the sole important factors only the top-price yearlings would win—and they don't. If a horse with a million-dollar pedigree is beaten by one with a \$1,500 pedigree, stick with the latter, because his form is based on ability, not ancestry.

6) Don't be carried away by horses who close fast in sprints and lead you to believe that with another eighth of a mile they'd be cinches. Remember that with another eighth of a mile some of the front runners might not be using the same tactics either.

7) Keep in mind that a horse who shows a lot of early speed in distance races won't necessarily go well in sprints. The pace will be different. Horses have a habit of running in fairly established patterns: a speed horse always shows his speed, and he could run "all day" if there's nothing to run with him. But remember that a stretch runner who may be unable to overtake some horses in front of him may well come through if there are nothing but speed horses up front burning each other up as they turn for home.

8) Caution is advised when betting on horses dropping in class. There is a possibility of trouble and the likelihood that something is not right with a horse when you see him dropped from a \$10,000 class down to the \$5,000 group.

9) The top-weighted horse in a handicap is always dangerous because the official race track handicapper considers him the best horse in the race. However, watch for allowance races in which the conditions permit a handicap horse to enter with less weight than he would normally carry in handicaps. An ideal bet, for example, would be to find a handicap horse accustomed to carrying around 122 pounds getting into an allowance race with 114.

10) It's easy enough to advise everyone to plan his betting on a sort of budget basis. And it's often hard to do. However, as my final word of advice I would suggest this: if you like a horse in an early race bet him according to the strength of your likes (I bet to win only); avoid betting twice as much in one of the last races on a horse you don't like half as much.

END

Betting Percentage Table

ODDS	1-1	ODDS	1-1	ODDS	1-1	ODDS	1-1
1-1	50.00	13-1	5.00	12-5	29.41	45-100	98.97
2-1	33.33	20-1	4.75	13-5	27.78	11-20	64.62
2 1/2-1	28.57	25-1	3.85	14-5	26.31	55-100	
3-1	25.00	30-1	3.23	16-5	23.81	13-20	60.60
3 1/2-1	22.23	40-1	2.44	17-5	22.72	65-100	
4-1	20.00	50-1	1.96	18-5	21.73	15-20	57.14
4 1/2-1	18.19	60-1	1.64	19-5	20.83	75-100	54.06
5-1	16.67	75-1	1.32	21-5	19.23	85-100	
5 1/2-1	15.39	80-1	1.24	22-5	18.53	19-20	51.28
6-1	14.29	100-1	.99	1-10	90.91	95-100	
7-1	12.50	150-1	.66	3-10	76.92	2-3	60.00
8-1	11.11	200-1	.50	7-10	58.84	2-7	77.80
9-1	10.00	250-1	.38	9-10	52.63	2-9	81.90
10-1	9.09	300-1	.33	11-10	47.62	3-4	57.14
11-1	8.33	500-1	.20	13-10	43.47	8-15	65.20
12-1	7.69	1-5	83.33	15-10	40.00	17-15	45.95
13-1	7.14	2-5	71.42	3-2	40.00	1-2	66.67
14-1	6.66	3-5	62.50	17-10	37.04	1-3	75.00
15-1	6.25	4-5	55.55	19-10	34.47	1-4	80.00
16-1	5.88	5-5	45.45	1-20	95.20	1-6	85.66
17-1	5.55	7-5	41.67	3-20	86.95	1-7	87.50
18-1	5.26	8-5	38.46	15-100		1-8	88.89
		9-5	35.71	7-20	74.07	1-9	90.00
		11-5	31.25	9-20	68.97	1-10	90.91

EASY-TO-FIGURE betting table facilitates fast work by morning line calculator. Percentages corresponding to odds on each horse in race must total 100 for book to break even; everything over 100 is book's profit. Morning price maker allows for 15% cut plus breakages which track retains to total around 123%. Thus he might price a five-horse race at even money, 5 to 2, 9 to 2, 6 to 1 and 3 to 1, to total 122.16%.

The track was racy

**NASCAR drivers posted
some remarkable records at
Daytona's new speedway**

EVERYONE expected the new Daytona International Speedway to be fast. No one was prepared, however, for the extraordinary velocities reached by racing stock cars last weekend in the annual Daytona Beach, Fla. Speed Week—a week of exhilarating highs and frustrating lows, with events tumbling feverishly one after another.

One of the most dramatic moments came on the first day of racing on the magnificent track (SI, Feb. 16) as a jaunty young driver named Bob Welborn streaked across the finish line of a 100-mile sprint race. Another uncommonly exciting race had been run just before, and now the taut crowd strained to see whether Welborn's metallic-blue 1959 Chevrolet would be caught in the dash to the finish by a terrier of a white 1959 Thunderbird which had been running cooly in the Chevy's slipstream. At last the T-bird made its move, but without sufficient zip, and as the pair crossed the line the Chevy led by just over three-fourths of a length. An exhilarating finish indeed. Welborn had averaged a phenomenal 143.198 mph; this in a stock car, mind you, on a mint-new track in turbulent wind, an average speed never remotely approached before by a passenger car made over for racing. In fact, it was a speed more than 7 mph faster than the record for this nation's foremost race—the Indianapolis "500."

The pursuit of speed at Daytona was unceasing. It started early, and it started badly, with the death of a home-town Daytona hero, 37-year-old Marshall Teague. Marsh Teague had twice won the old AAA stock car championship. He had placed

continued

EIGHT LATE-MODEL STOCK CARS HIT DAYTONA'S 31° BANKED TURN FLAT OUT

seventh at Indianapolis in 1967. Considered a careful driver, he caused no apprehension when he took a streamlined, 1955-vintage Indianapolis car out on the speedway blacktop in the week preceding Speed Week. He soon became the speedway's fastest driver by recording an electrifying lap of 171.82 mph. Two days later, still working toward a goal that will lure Indianapolis drivers irresistibly until it is reached—exceeding the world-record single-lap speed of 177 mph set at Monza, Italy—Teague crashed and died. Entering the high-banked west turn at approximately 160 mph, his Samar Special veered abruptly downward, struck the horizontal road at the bottom of the banking and flipped end over end. Teague, still strapped to the seat, was thrown from the car. No one has discovered exactly what went wrong.

During that week a speed of 170.06 mph was reached by the superb Indianapolis driver Jim Rathmann, with the Kuzma roadster that was driven to sixth place in the 1956 "500" by Bob Sweikert. Rathmann, winner of the Monza 500-mile race last summer at over 166 mph (the race is run in three heats), returned to Daytona last Thursday to try again. This time his brother Dick, winner of the pole at Indianapolis in 1958, came along. The Kuzma had been tuned beautifully by the salty Daytona Beach racing mechanic Smokey ("Best Damn Garage in Town") Yunick, but it was admittedly inferior to the best new roadsters. Nevertheless, Jim Rathmann pushed it to 166 mph on a windy morning—poor for record runs—and Dick managed a lap at 170.648 mph in the afternoon.

In characteristically laconic speech, Dick Rathmann gave his impressions: "It's pretty racy, I guess. You know you're really smoking it around there."

A smoking-around that is sure to threaten Monza's supremacy in the realm of speed will occur at the Daytona Speedway on April 4, when the Indianapolis drivers will compete in a 100-mile race. Scheduled for the same day is a 100-mile Formula Libre race (no limit on engine displacement), and on the following day there will be a 1,000-kilometer professional sports car race. But that is getting ahead of the Speed Week story.

The new track dominated Speed

Week so thoroughly that the traditional straightaway runs for passenger cars on Daytona's historic beach sagged away to a poor start and finally fizzled out in an atmosphere of confusion and rancor. This is regrettable, because the beach trials are unique. Only at Daytona are Detroit's high-performance cars—and some less fierce models—matched publicly in top-speed and acceleration tests. In the past, despite a number of disqualifications for tampering with stock factory equipment, these trials probably were more important to the keen motorist than the Speed Week races on the old beach racetrack.

Entries were light for the beach runs last week, but still the speeds were impressive—until the post-trial inspections began. Take the case of John James Paul, a slender 21-year-old from Youngstown, Ohio. He had driven a 1959 Plymouth Fury for

than 350 cubic inches. A new record of 140.350 mph apparently was set by Bob Pemberton of Lansing, Mich., a manufacturer of automotive air springs, with a 1959 Pontiac. The winning car and the next four finishers, all Pontiacs, were impounded for inspection. After some heated wrangling in the hectic garage area at the speedway, where racing cars were being readied, Norris Friel, chief inspector for the trials, disqualified all five of the top finishers for "unsportsmanlike conduct."

FROM THE BEACH

"They hindered the inspection," said the angry Friel. "After seven hours of it, I called it off."

Seventy-two hours after the disputed events, winners in other high-performance classes had not been officially announced. Acceleration trials for the same cars were postponed until this week because of an unsuitably rough beach on the day scheduled for them.

It was with considerable relief, then, that observers turned from the sourness of the beach trials to the promise of fine things at the speedway. They were soon rewarded, on that cool and windy Friday.

The preliminaries were brief. Bill France, president of NASCAR, the biggest stock car racing organization, and the man who got the speedway built, told the crowd of 12,000 that he thought the track was the finest in the world. Bias aside, he may well have been right.

In the first of two 100-mile dashes 21 late-model convertibles took the green starting flag and hurtled into the steep west turn in a tight pack, with every driver pushing his gas pedal to the floorboards. (The veteran driver Tim Flock has given a succinct explanation of how to race stock cars on the speedway: "You just push the pedal all the way down and wish you could go faster.") Out in front, by inches, was the 1958 Ford of little-known Lloyd George (Shorty) Rollins, 29, of Corpus Christi, Texas, a small, muscular, clean-cut driver with a toothpaste-ad smile. His original engine had sickened the day before, and he had worked most of the night to help tune and install an engine taken from a wrecked car. But the really startling thing about the race was that eight cars were in hot contention for the lead for half the 40 laps on the superfast $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile track. Contenders were often three abreast



BOB WELBORN got traditional kiss for winners from Queen Seattle McCormick.

the owner, Gary Bentley, a hometown chum, to a new record of 129.967 mph in the so-called Big Three class for reasonably tame Chevrolets, Fords and Plymouths—no special speed equipment permitted. Bentley faced the inspection confidently but was disqualified for having smaller valve faces than the book specified.

What really cooked things, though, was the fury over the most powerful class of high-performance cars, those with piston displacements of more

on the turn. They could not outpace Shorty Rollins, however, and he whooshed over the finish line one half length ahead of the 1938 Ford of Marvin Panch, a veteran from Charlotte, N.C. Rollins' average speed was 129.50, 3 mph faster than his two-lap qualifying speed. To exceed qualifying speeds in actual racing is so rare that no official could remember offhand when it last happened.

Exit Mr. Rollins; enter Mr. Welborn, a cigar-smoking devil-may-care lad from Greensboro, N.C. who has three times been NASCAR's convertible champion. He had 37 competitors to beat in the 100-mile race for the most important stock cars—the late-model closed cars—and he did it with vast assurance, despite brushing a guardrail. This race marked the first appearance in stock car competition of the Ford Thunderbird. Welborn lost the lead now and again to the T-bird of Fred Wilson, a newcomer from Denver, but never for long. Wilson spent nearly half the race in the slipstream of Welborn's Chevrolet, "getting a tow," as they say. When Wilson gave his all at the end it was not quite enough, and Welborn had his sensationally fast victory. His speed of 143.198 mph exactly equaled the fastest qualifying time.

If episodes of high drama had gone before, they were completely overshadowed by a high-tension duel and an unprecedented photo finish in the week's climactic event—a 500-mile \$62,660 sweepstake for 58 closed cars and convertibles on Sunday.

The principals were the grizzled NASCAR champion, Lee Petty, 44, of Randleman, N.C., and a big, blue-eyed Midwesterner, Johnny Beauchamp, 35, of Harlan, Iowa. For 60 miles they scrapped wheel to wheel and nose to tail—Petty's 1959 Oldsmobile against Beauchamp's 1959 Thunderbird. At the end Petty raced out of the east turn with a slight lead, but Beauchamp was overtaking him. The crowd of 47,000 raised a great roar as they finished side by side. The unofficial winner: Beauchamp. His unofficial speed: 135.521 mph. His achievement: a speed exceeded only by the Indianapolis record of 135.601 among all continuous 500-mile races ever run. But 24 hours after the race officials were still examining pictures; some of them thought Petty had finished fractionally ahead of the Thunderbird.

All in all, it was quite a race. And it is quite a track.

END

DAYTONA RESULTS

Following are the first 10 drivers in the four leading NASCAR races at the new Daytona International Speedway during Speed Week

100-MILE GRAND NATIONAL RACE (CLOSED CARS)

	DRIVER	CAR
1.	Bob Welborn, Greensboro, N.C.	1959 Chevrolet
2.	Fred Wilson, Denver	1959 Thunderbird
3.	Tom Pistone, Chicago	1959 Thunderbird
4.	Joe Weatherly, Norfolk, Va.	1959 Chevrolet
5.	Eduardo Diboa, Lima, Peru	1959 Thunderbird
6.	Cotton Owens, Spartanburg, S.C.	1958 Pontiac
7.	Tiny Lund, Harlan, Iowa	1959 Chevrolet
8.	Lee Petty, Randleman, N.C.	1959 Oldsmobile
9.	Charlie Griffith, Chattanooga	1957 Pontiac
10.	Rex White, Silver Spring, Md.	1959 Chevrolet

Time: 41 minutes 54 seconds. Winner's average speed: 143.198 mph.

100-MILE CONVERTIBLE RACE

	DRIVER	CAR
1.	Shorty Rollins, Corpus Christi	1958 Ford
2.	Marvin Panch, Charlotte, N.C.	1958 Ford
3.	Richard Petty, Randleman, N.C.	1958 Ford
4.	Glen Wood, Stuart, Va.	1958 Ford
5.	Gene White, Marietta, Ga.	1957 Chevrolet
6.	Larry Frank, Angier, N.C.	1958 Ford
7.	Wilbur Rakestraw, Dallas, Ga.	1957 Ford
8.	Joe Lee Johnson, Chattanooga	1957 Chevrolet
9.	Jimmy Thompson, Monroe, N.C.	1957 Chevrolet
10.	Bob Harkey, Charlotte, N.C.	1958 Chevrolet

Time: 16 minutes 28 seconds. Winner's average speed: 129.50 mph.

200-MILE MODIFIED AND SPORTSMAN RACE

	DRIVER	CAR
1.	Banjo Mathews, Asheville, N.C.	1956 Ford
2.	Perk Brown, Leaksville, N.C.	1954 Ford
3.	Curtis Turner, Charlotte, N.C.	1936 Chevrolet
4.	Ed Lindsay, Baltimore	1940 Ford
5.	Lee Petty, Randleman, N.C.	1950 Oldsmobile
6.	Al Tansandy, Vineland, N.J.	1937 Chevrolet
7.	Sonny Black, Montgomery, Ala.	1937 Chevrolet
8.	Bill Rafter, Buffalo	1937 Chevrolet
9.	Larry Flynn, Holly Hill, Fla.	1937 Chevrolet
10.	Bobby Johns, Miami	1937 Ford

Time: 1 hour 29 minutes 7 seconds. Winner's average speed: 131.655 mph.

500-MILE SWEEPSTAKES

	DRIVER	CAR
1.	Johnny Beauchamp, Harlan, Iowa	1959 Thunderbird
2.	Lee Petty, Randleman, N.C.	1959 Oldsmobile
3.	Charlie Griffith, Chattanooga	1957 Pontiac
4.	Cotton Owens, Spartanburg, S.C.	1958 Pontiac
5.	Joe Weatherly, Norfolk, Va.	1959 Chevrolet
6.	Jim Reed, Peekskill, N.Y.	1959 Chevrolet
7.	Jack Smith, Atlanta	1959 Chevrolet
8.	Tom Pistone, Chicago	1959 Thunderbird
9.	Tim Flock, Atlanta	1959 Thunderbird
10.	Speedy Thompson, Charlotte, N.C.	1957 Chevrolet

Time: 3 hours 11 minutes 22 seconds. Winner's average speed: 135.521 mph. Victory unofficial.



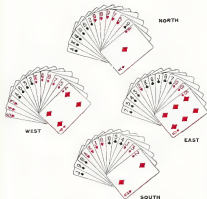
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The surprise attack in action

EVER SINCE the first Neanderthal man caught a glimpse of the first Neanderthal woman (or maybe it was vice versa), the surprise attack has enjoyed great favor. Besides its primary fields of application, love and war, this concept has a definite place in contract bridge.

The opening lead is the particular phase of bridge to which I refer. There is some reason to fear that textbooks (including my own) have oversold the idea that certain card combinations provide ideal leads—for example, the king from king-queen-jack or ace-king; the queen from queen-jack-10; etc. These, of course, are sound leads under normal circumstances, and they must be set down as preferred leads for the beginner and not-too-experienced player, but when the player reaches the stage where he can think for himself—when he can analyze and draw shrewd deductions from all the bidding he has heard—he should not hesitate to jettison the conventional lead in favor of a boldly imaginative lead.

The following hand points up what I mean:



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	2♥	3♠
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead, club 6

The bidding is given as it actually occurred at one of New York's leading bridge clubs. Some modern experts might frown on this bidding as not very scientific, but no serious fault can be found with the final contract of six hearts even though six spades is ironclad. North felt that since his partner's heart response was a two-over-one take-out, there was a strong probability that South had the top cards in the suit, in which case he could pull trumps and run the long spade suit, ruffing one round of spades if necessary. Even if South had made his bid on five hearts to the ace-jack, with some club strength as compensation, he might make the slam with a little luck in respect to the missing heart king.

The truly interesting feature of this hand, however, is the opening lead problem that faced West.

The normal and conventional lead from West's holding was the king of diamonds, in the hope of setting up a diamond winner while West retained the club ace for entry and the setting trick. But West did not like that lead. He was sure that dummy would turn up with the diamond ace, because North certainly would not have bid a slam with immediate losers in both minor suits.

So West decided that the only hope of beating the slam depended on putting his partner on lead in a hurry so that he could return a spade for West to ruff. This could be done if East had the club king, or if dummy had the king, East the queen, and declarer, holding the club jack, misguessed the situation and played low from dummy on a low club lead by West.

So West made that lead: the club 6.

East was merely going through the motions of following suit when he put in the club jack, but when, to his astonishment, he found himself in possession of the trick, he quickly snapped to attention. There could be only one reason for West to have underlined an ace against a slam contract: he wanted a certain return, and it wasn't very hard for East to figure out what that return should be. He led a spade, and West's ruff defeated the slam contract.

EXTRA THICK

In the final analysis a player in West's position has to have full knowledge of his opponents' bidding proclivities in order to choose the best lead against a slam contract. It was because West knew that North, particularly, was a sound and even conservative bidder that he could properly make such a daring lead. Against different opponents, and specifically the sort who are more or less slam-happy, the "normal" lead of the diamond king could readily be the preferred lead.

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The magic fruit

Remindful of the delight of oranges picked right from the tree in California groves are these fresh-tasting orange desserts

THIS IS the time of year—between January and the end of March—when the California orange crop is being harvested. Whenever I think of oranges I think of California and of my grandfather's place in the lush land-beyond-the-mountains.

We lived on the desert side of the Sierra Madre when I was a child, but paid occasional visits to my mother's parents in the San Bernardino Valley. Grandfather's great white house, La Casada, which dominated a height in the valley, was thickly set about with a magnificently flourishing orchard of orange trees. Through the groves there descended, terrace upon terrace, a jungle garden as miraculous in the eyes of my two sisters and me as any in a Persian fairy tale. Each terrace backed with Italian cypresses, acacia, palms and camphor trees, each cool expanse of grass bordered with primroses was full of the sound of running water. The fountains and pools and irrigating channels, where water lilies grew and frogs croaked delightedly in the dripping wet, made it all seem Paradise itself. For we were little desert rats, and water to us was the most precious of all elements.

I remember winter as the most crystalline of seasons below the Tehachepi, when the pepper trees hung heavy with panicles of pink berries and the still air was full of little wisps of smoke from fires of eucalyptus leaves by day and lighted smudge pots in the groves at night—for there always seemed to be the danger of a freeze just as the main crop of navel oranges ripened.

I shall never forget the fun of exploring the groves, of walking the wooden irrigating flumes through the rows of strong-leaved trees, where wild purple hyacinths sprang up, so surprisingly, after a night's rain. There were many kinds of oranges to eat: tangerines, kumquats, blood oranges. The best were from a solitary King-orange tree, the fruit of which we as children were not supposed to touch, as it was reserved for the table. But of course we knew that the right way to eat an orange of any sort was to pick it yourself from your favorite tree, right there in the grove, when no grown-ups were looking.

That's why it has always seemed to me that the best orange desserts are those that, unlike orange soufflé,

orange ice and orange jelly, exalt both the fresh orange taste and the wonderful texture of the magic fruit. Described here are two orange compotes, discovered on later travels, that have this quality in full.

ORANGES À L'ORIENTALE (serves 12)

This dessert, which is shown in the photograph on the opposite page, is easy to make and very fresh-tasting.

Shave the orange-colored outer peel (without the white underskin) off 8 good navel oranges with a sharp, small knife. Cut three-quarters of this "rind" (that is, the peel from 6 oranges) into julienne strips such as are found in marmalade.

Make a syrup of 3 cups of water and 3 cups of sugar, boiling it to the "soft-ball" stage (the point at which a little syrup, dropped into cold water, forms a soft ball—235° on a candy thermometer). Throw in orange peel strips; cook for a few minutes or until they become shiny and somewhat transparent. Then remove from heat and drain, reserving syrup as well as strips.

Meanwhile, cut all the white underskin off the 8 oranges and core them. Halve the oranges crosswise and place them cut side up in a hollow dish, nested among the candied peel strips (see picture). Add a small wineglass of Grand Marnier or curaçao to the syrup and pour over the oranges. Chill, and before serving decorate each orange half with candied violets.

GREEK ORANGES (for 12)

The preparation of this dish is a somewhat meticulous procedure that takes time, but the result is ambrosial.

Remove orange-colored outer peel from 6 large navel oranges and cut this peel into marmalade-like julienne strips. Throw into a pan of boiling water and continue to boil over the fire for half an hour, changing the water three times (water must be boiling each time a fresh lot is poured over the strips, which have been drained of their last water). Drain and reserve the peel strips when cooked.

Peel off every bit of white outer skin from the oranges, then cut out individual sections, free of skin or stringy parts. Reserve these in a heatproof dish.

Make a syrup by putting 2 cups of sugar in a saucepan with 1½ cups of water and a little red coloring. Boil for 10 minutes. While still boiling, pour the syrup over the orange sections. Let stand for 15 minutes; then drain, reserving both syrup and orange sections. Boil syrup again for 15 minutes and remove from heat.

Place orange sections in glass or other serving dish; cover with the slightly cooled syrup and the julienne of boiled orange peel. Cool, then chill and serve.

*Mastery of Small Boat
Sailing: Part II*

SAILING TO LEEWARD

by **BILL COX**
with **MORT LUND**

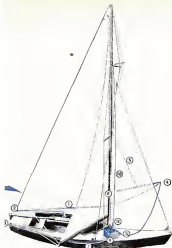
*Illustrations by
Anthony Ravielli*

This week two-time International Lightning Champion Bill Cox discusses the question of getting downwind with maximum speed. Primarily, this means sailing much of the time with a spinnaker billowing out over the bow (below). It also means extra watchfulness by the crew. The spinnaker is a tricky, powerful sail that must be handled with respect. But it can also be a lot of fun. Properly set in a good wind, the spinnaker can provide the most exciting ride of the day. However, proper setting requires skill, coordination and fast action. On the following pages the two most difficult maneuvers with a spinnaker—hoisting and jibing—are described step by step.



Getting the spinnaker up

The spinnaker is not fastened along one of its edges to a stay or to the mast as are other sails. Instead, it floats free in the breeze, a spherical triangle held only at the corners. The head or upper corner is held aloft by the spinnaker halyard, which serves to raise the spinnaker. The tack (lower corner next to the spinnaker pole) is attached to one end of the spinnaker guy. The clew (the other lower corner) is held by one end of the spinnaker sheet. In hoisting, the preferred method consists of a series of actions performed in rapid succession in such a way that no one has to leave the cockpit. (Putting a man on the foredeck makes the boat easy to tip.) The division of duties among the men depends on the ability of each. The first phase, getting ready (left), is completed before reaching the mark that begins leeward leg. Hoisting the spinnaker in the lee of the mainsail where there is relatively little wind (middle drawing) starts as the boat rounds the mark. Then, as the spinnaker fills, the jib is dropped (bottom drawing). A well-drilled crew will have spinnaker flying 10 seconds after mark is turned.



SPINNAKER READY to hoist (in blue) is prepared first by leading guy (1) through lead block (2) and attaching to spinnaker tack (3); second, by snapping pole fitting (4) onto guy, raising the pole with topping lift (5) and attaching pole to fitting (6) on mast; third, by leading sheet (7) through lead block (8) and attaching sheet to spinnaker clew (9); and last, by running halyard (10) outside jib and attaching halyard to head of spinnaker (11).

HOISTING SPINNAKER, halyard pulls sail up mast while sail hangs limp in lee of the mainsail. Sheet pulls the clew aft momentarily to prevent the sail from twisting. Guy is pulled through pole fitting to bring tack toward the end of pole.



SPINNAKER FILLING, guy has pulled tack to end of pole, drawn the pole astern, been hooked on deck and cleated. The jib is dropped onto deck as spinnaker fills. Spinnaker will set properly when sheet is eased and the lower corners made level.



CONTINUED



FITTINGS at each end of spinnaker pole are hooked to mast and around spinnaker pole (above). The guy runs freely, so sail can be raised or lowered in lee of mainsail without anyone having to go on the deck.



BOX used is heavy cardboard (carry a spare) notched with three narrow V-shaped slots. Lower corners of sail are first wedged into notches and sail is then folded into box from foot of sail up, without twisting. Head is put in last notch.

Jibing: the modern, safe technique

Sailing to leeward, the skipper must always steer so that the wind (arrow, below) comes from the corner of the stern opposite the mainsail. If the skipper wishes to set a new downwind course which shifts wind to the other corner of the stern, then the position of the mainsail must be reversed (or jibed). Since the spinnaker pole must always be kept on the side opposite the mainsail, the spinnaker must be jibed simultaneously. Jibing is the most difficult and dangerous maneuver in sailing. Close attention to the method described below, which until now has been perfected only by a few expert sailors, will make safe jibing relatively easy. This method keeps all the men in the cockpit so that the stability of the boat, always precarious in jibing, will be kept at maximum throughout the maneuver. In general, the helmsman handles the mainsail, the middle crewman is responsible for keeping the spinnaker at right angles to the wind while the boat turns beneath the sail, and the forward crewman or spinnaker man is responsible for shifting the spinnaker pole (and with it the spinnaker) from one side across to the other side.



BEGINNING JIBE, skipper swings tiller to starboard and pulls the mainsheet rapidly in. The spinnaker man removes pole from the mast and snaps sheet into pole fitting, while the middle crewman slackens the sheet and trims guy to keep the spinnaker full and at right angles to wind.

READY FOR JIBE, skipper steers with knees, pulls back on mainsheet to make room for the spinnaker man to face aft and squeeze forward of boom vang to reach the end of spinnaker pole up on mast. Middle crewman, having released guy from deck hook, holds both guy and sheet.



COMPLETED JIBE occurs when the spinnaker man snaps left end of the pole to mast and skipper lets mainsail all the way out on port side. By then, the skipper has tiller in his left hand and takes strain of what is now the guy in his right, so middle crewman can hook guy to deck.

HALFWAY IN JIBE, men duck as wind swings the mainsail rapidly across the cockpit. Skipper momentarily shifts tiller in the opposite direction. Spinnaker man pulls the trip line to free the left corner of spinnaker from the left end of the pole and moves the pole to the right.

Carrying a spinnaker across wind

The usefulness of the spinnaker is not limited to sailing directly or almost directly with the wind, as above. The spinnaker can be carried diagonally downwind (broad reaching) or at right angles to wind (beam reaching), as at right. Since it is more powerful than a jib, the spinnaker is down whenever possible in racing. (However, carrying spinnaker closer to the wind than about 90° causes it to collapse.) On a reach, pull of spinnaker is sideways and can tip boat over if it is allowed to heel too far. Skipper should watch for strong puffs and bear off more downwind, so when puff reaches boat spinnaker will be pulling more forward, the direction in which boat has the greatest stability. Once the boat heels too far with its spinnaker flying, the hull develops such weather helm that bearing off is impossible. Then sheet must be let out quickly and spinnaker collapsed to bring the boat back toward even keel.



CONTINUED

The function of fittings

No two skippers will agree exactly on choice and location of fittings, but no small-boat skipper questions the usefulness of the cam-action jam cleat (circle, below). Pulling back and down secures any line in the jaws of the cleat, and pulling backward and up frees the line. In the recommended layout for principal fittings on a Lightning (shown in drawing below), location of several useful cam cleats is indicated. Proper selection and installation of other fittings shown below is important. For strength, mainsheet blocks are held to deck with bolts, not screws. Jibsheet blocks are lightweight for correct set of jib in light weather. Spinnaker lead blocks are set far out on stern corners. Mooring fitting is set close to the mast and far from mooring chock to keep foredeck clear.

- 1 mainsheet quarter block
- 2 mainsheet swivel cam cleat
- 3 jibsheet shackle and blocks
- 4 jibsheet cam-action cleat
- 5 spinnaker sheet lead block
- 6 spinnaker sheet cam cleat
- 7 mooring line chock
- 8 mooring line fitting

SPINNAKER GUY hook and cam-action cleat permit rapid changes of the spinnaker trim. Hook allows the guy to keep pole from rising out of control in strong winds.



CENTERBOARD TRUNK top may spring sideways with pressure, like right side of trunk shown here. This allows centerboard to wobble sideways with wave action, reduces efficiency. To prevent this, add stiffener along both top edges, as has been done (in blue) on the left side of trunk shown.



Good centerboard construction

Water carried inside centerboard trunk has same bad effect as that much water carried inside boat, makes hull sink lower in water. Too-wide trunk (above, right) is thus a handicap. Narrower trunk (below, right) squeezes water out of hull, makes boat float higher and reduces drag by reducing amount of hull in contact with water. Narrow slot boxes harmful tendency of centerboard to wobble, offers less frontal resistance as water hits aft end of the opening, decreases flow in and out of centerboard trunk.



BOAT FLOATS DEEPER WITH A WIDE SLOT



BOAT FLOATS HIGHER WITH A SLIM SLOT

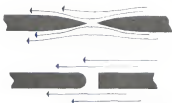
The function of shape

As water flows past under the hull, the shape of the chine (reset below) and of the three vertical underwater appendages—the centerboard, the skeg and the rudder—has its effect on speed. In the Lightning class, within the limitations of the class rules, the best results come from the use of the shapes recommended here. The over-all shape of the hull itself is rigidly controlled by a published table of permissible variations from the class blueprint. (In order to assure Lightning owners that their hull will not be outmoded, greatest hull tolerance permitted in a direction which will increase speed is only $3/8$ of an inch.) Within the restrictions, the fastest hulls are those with flattest permissible run aft, narrowest beam and chines as high as permissible above water amidships.

Diagrams by Al Bevel



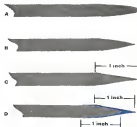
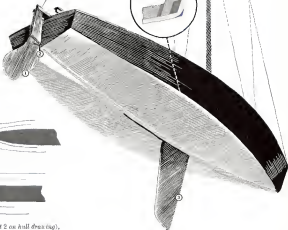
RUDDER SHAPE along lower leading edge (1 on hull drawing), should be streamlined the maximum allowable two inches. Many builders make a sharp V (top diagram), which is inefficient at all times, and especially when the rudder is turned. Correct taper has elliptical edge for a smoother flow while steering.



SKEG SHAPE and shape of rudder (of 2 on hull drawing), should create straight lines of flow. Builders who taper skeg and rudder invite water flow to bend (blue arrows, top diagram) and cause resistance. For straight lines of flow, the rudder should be as close to the skeg as possible and neither shape should be tapered (bottom diagram).

CENTERBOARD SHAPE along leading edge (3 on hull drawing shown above), may resemble either A or B at right and produce good results. (Centerboard does not cut directly into water but travels through water at 5° angle.) Many builders deliver boards with leading edge shaped as in C where legal one-inch taper is an angular V. This is a poor shape. Always reshape centerboard C to look like B by grinding away metal (blue portion of D). Legally, width of centerboard may be reduced up to $3/4$ inch. For the trailing edge of centerboard, shape like B is best.

CHINE SHAPE best for smooth flow of water past hull is a round rather than an angular shape. Rounding off corner (in blue) of the chine up to radius of half an inch is permitted by rules.



CONTINUED

Sailing: sport at its best

The function of sport is to renew the energy of man, taking him away from his everyday world into another so absorbing he forgets all but the new matters at hand. For men like Bill Cox, and for a million others, sailing has become the answer. A sailor such as Cox does not need high wind and lashing seas to become intent on the action of wind and water. For he is comfortably absorbed in making the most of peevish conditions in order to reach a goal—a finish line or an inlet down the shore—making the little shifts of wind work for him. The delicate question of the best point at which to put the tiller hard over to come about (*brooe*) is settled and then debated in satisfying detail after the sail or the race is over. The process of becoming a competent sailor is not a short one, as these articles by Cox have shown, but almost every minute spent in the learning is pleasant. The first step, of course, is the purchase of a boat. The purchase of a boat has, to some extent, the same excite-

ment that attended the purchase of a car in the early days of the auto. Its color, fittings and workmanship are all subjects of endless discussion. And many thousands of families have been buying class boats, which have established standards of construction and a live market to stabilize the price. Class boats range from 11½-foot Penguins to 70-foot 12-meter boats. (A good rule is to start small and stable and go to sleek and speedy later.) The choice of class boat may well depend on the type of fleet which is the closest. The very large class boat organizations, such as those for the Lightning and the Shupo, have fleets from coast to coast. The whereabouts of the manufacturers of class boats and the location of the closest class boat fleets can be obtained by writing Sailing Secretary, National Association of Engine and Boat Manufacturers, 430 Lexington Avenue, New York. Any fleet of racing sailors is always delighted to recruit new members. **END**



he had Rocky Road, which is compounded of chocolate ice cream, marshmallows and almonds; in Chicago he stayed at The Palmer House, because its bleak coffee shop serves what he considers the finest chocolate ice cream in the world; in Las Vegas' Desert Inn he had a sundae which looked like a monument carved out of colored plastics.

Rosenzo's odyssey did more than soothe his sweet tooth; it realized his image of himself. In Chicago a friend told him he was a success. "Wasn't it inevitable?" Rosenzo said. "I believe people are flexible," he said another time. "They can do any number of things they thought they couldn't do. I'm a mountain climber and I like stories where I don't know how they're going to end. I like someone to come to me and say, 'This is an impossible job,' and then I like to do it. If you're going to shoot, shoot big. When I get to the point where it has been conquered, however, my interest dwindles. I don't think I'm happy now. I don't think I could be happy until I achieve something important in life. I want to do something substantive, something important." Today, it is promoting the Patterson-Johansson fight.

"You're a nice, shy little boy," said Rosalind Wyman, a Los Angeles councilwoman, to Rosenzo during a meeting in the Beverly Hilton, where "short shorts are not permitted in the lobby." "You don't look like the promoters I've seen in the movies." It was, perhaps a motherly portrait (Rosenzo has large, mild, blue eyes), and Mrs. Wyman might have spoken differently if she had heard him talking to Tom Anderson, a local promoter, in a Minneapolis café several days before. "I'm very cold-blooded when it comes to money," Rosenzo told Anderson. "If you're sentimental all your friends are on your payroll. That photographer in Chicago wanted me to smile. Why should I smile? I don't smile when it comes to money. He couldn't understand it. I took a chance once on a 1000-to-1 shot and I had no more reason being a promoter than that guy playing *The Sheik of Araby* on the accordion, believe me. But I always believe I can sell anyone anything once. It's the second time I'm worried about."

"Promoting," he said another time, "is an old field with no new tech-

niques for a long time. It's been a cliché kind of thing which has discouraged clean-cut guys because of its disrepute. Instead of attracting guys who can sell—promoting, after all, is merely merchandising guys—it generally attracts fighters, managers, guys in no way qualified except that they've been in the fight game. It's like a gas station attendant being made president of Standard Oil just because he's wiped windshields and checked oil for 20 years."

A DEBATING CHAMPION

William Paul Rosenzo did not get into the fight game until last summer, when he started at the top by promoting the Patterson-Roy Harris title bout in Los Angeles, but he got his experience elsewhere. He was born in New York City. His father was an obstetrician who wanted him to become a professional man, too. "At a very young age," Rosenzo says, "I wanted to be a lawyer. I like to argue with people, use logic." He went to Williams, where he was New England Intercollegiate Debating Champion, manager of the tennis team, circulation manager of the newspaper, steward of his eating club ("It was the only salaried job," he says) and graduated *cum laude* in political science. After Williams, he went to Yale Law School. When World War II started he quit law school and got a job with the War

Department as an ordnance inspector, then wangled a commission out of the Navy. While waiting for it to come through, he "pulled a stunt that I really enjoyed. I thought it would be a great idea to be in the Army, so I enlisted and had the enjoyable experience of being honorably discharged three months later." Rosenzo spent three years in the Navy, part of the time as a gunnery officer on an LST in the Pacific, the remainder teaching navigation at Northwestern, where he wrote a textbook called *Navigator's Guide*. "I like teaching," he says. "You're helping people. It's a matter of simplifying. I wouldn't mind at all being a visiting lecturer, but I don't want to be tied down."

When the war ended he went back to Yale, but after a semester he became impatient and started the first of his many businesses and schemes. They were:

1) Shop-At-Home Services, mobile grocery stores in Westchester. "My trucks were known as the Pink Piggies," Rosenzo says, "because on the sides of the trucks we had 'This Little Piggy Went to Market, This Little Piggy Stayed Home,' and a picture of a pink piggy reclining on a chaise longue." He sold the business after a year for a \$10,000 profit.

2) Prince Willows, 55 acres in Scarsdale, N.Y., which he planned

continued



IN NEW YORK, Rosenzo, Boxing Commissioner Major General Melvin L. Krulowitz (left) and Mayor Robert F. Wagner appraise each other knowingly after City Hall talk.



IN CALIFORNIA. Rosensohn presents bouquet to Clarence Hansen, who won with Hawkins Hawk in feature at Bay Meadows.



IN MINNEAPOLIS. Rosensohn goes over plans for fight with Promoters Wally Kärba (left, no kin to Frankie), Tom Anderson.

ROSENSOHN continued

to develop but sold instead in various parcels for a profit of some \$75,000.

3) Polo (Po for powder, lo for lotion), an after-shave lotion which, when applied to the face, evaporated and left a film of powder; and Sunny, a suntan oil which was also an insect repellent. "Keep Your Sunny Side Up" was its motto. "I never intended to become a cosmetician," Rosensohn says. "I just did it for the satisfaction of knowing I could do it. The same way I never intended to become a songwriter, although I wrote three songs. (One, *Don't Care*, goes: "Don't care what makes the sun come out after the rain. Don't care whether the markets profit and gain. Don't care what makes the stars so at home in the sky. Don't care whether it snows in the month of July.") I enjoyed going around and giving out samples of my Polo and Sunny and playing my songs with three fingers."

4) Hoopi-Video Services, Inc., an outfit which rents TV sets to 16 hospitals in the Los Angeles area. Rosensohn lugged a seven-inch set around Los Angeles ("It weighed 33 pounds," he says. "I ought to know. I carried it for a year") as he lined up his hospitals. For a time he ran the business by himself, wearing a white coat to look like a doctor ("It was helpful with the patients and nurses," he says). The business is thriving today under an associate, and Rosensohn claims necessity made him "a reasonably well-qualified TV repairman."

5) Orange Julius, an orange-juice

milk shake which Rosensohn combined with vodka in a tie-in with National Distillers. "I would go around to bars in Los Angeles demonstrating the stuff," Rosensohn says. "I hate vodka."

6) Rocket Jet Engineering, a subcontracting precision-engineering firm which he founded with some friends from Warner Brothers. It was run by the former technical advisor to King Michael of Rumania, a man called The Chinaman, because "he looked like a Chinaman except for his eyes. The Chinaman was a genius," Rosensohn says with astonishment. "I didn't understand half the things he was doing." Rocket Jet was sold for a 20% profit.

ORANGES AND SUCCESS

7) A fruit-juice bar. "This," Rosensohn says, "I consider a joke. I was having lunch one day at The Town & Country Market in Los Angeles with Mac Krim when a tearful woman came up who said she was being dispossessed from her fruit-juice bar. We bought it from her for \$1,000. I spent a good many hours behind the stand squeezing oranges before Mac and I sold it for \$10,000."

8) Box Office TV, Sheraton Closed Circuit TV, Inc., TelePrompTer Corp. The first of these theater TV firms Rosensohn founded to televise Notre Dame football games, for which he broadcast the color. "Box Office was artistically successful," he says. He went into Sheraton, which put on industrial shows for the most part, with his friend, Producer Walter Wanger. He was a vice-president of Tele-

Prompter, which televised his Patterson-Harris fight. It was his last venture before fight promoting. "The challenge was gone," he said the other day between phone calls, lounging in his yellow terry-cloth robe. "I had succeeded in establishing three different companies. I knew more top executives than any of my contemporaries. It was routine. I wanted to get on to something more exciting."

Rosensohn once said: "I like sports, women, television and reading. You can put them in that order." He left out glop, but it falls somewhere between women and television. His favorite sports are pro basketball, pro football, boxing, tennis and horse racing. He has two television sets in his New York apartment, which is on the 29th floor overlooking Central Park, and his idea of Eden is to watch two events simultaneously while listening to a third on the radio. His participant sport is tennis. "I never took a lesson in my life," he said the other day. "I never took any lessons in anything except piano, and that's why I gave it up. I like to do things in my own way. I haven't played tennis in four months but if I get out on the court I'll hit four balls and say 'let's play.' I'm impatient."

"My games," he says, "is a game which has no form, but I annihilate the opposition in mixed doubles. Girls can't cope with my great net game. And the bigger the stakes, the better I play. I'm strictly a money guy all the way."

As for women, Rosensohn is a "face man," likes his brunettes tall and never takes a girl to a sports event. He

was named Parlor Athlete of the Year at Williams. He says the girls attribute his success to his blue eyes, but he says it's his "sensitivity." "I expect," he says, "to remain a bachelor until I am 50. I like independence. My sister has four kids, and when I feel the yen to play with kids I see her."

Rosensohn has never used the stove in his apartment. "I don't cook breakfast," he says, "because I don't eat it. I never cooked a meal in my life." His pantry contains fruit juices, crackers, chocolate cookies, candy and countless bottles of pop. "I like to keep things that don't spoil because I never go to the icebox for weeks at a time except for ice cubes or champagne." He has a maid come in daily. "I'd rather leave my bed unmade than make it," he explains. His apartment is haphazardly furnished with mechanical easy chairs, and Rosensohn isn't interested in the modern landscapes on his walls. "Pictures to me are not important," he says. "I just have them put up because you have to put pictures on the wall."

Most of his reading is contemporary. "I try to read all the best-sellers," he says. "I may not have the patience to finish them, but I like to start them." One of the books he finished recently was Conrad's *Victory*. "A girl gave it to me," he says, "because she thinks I resembled Axel Heyst. He was an independent man, self-sufficient, self-reliant, an individual. I recognized a vague resemblance, but I wouldn't want to live on a desert island or in the tropics. I like California, the outdoor life, where you're not dependent on taxis on a rainy day, where there is respect of the individual and pedestrians crossing the street have the right of way. London's my favorite city because there a person has dignity and cab drivers take care of their cabs. Maybe they're 20 years old but they treat them with great pride. You know what they do in New York."

"You want to know my philosophy? I believe people are good, not bad. If given a chance to choose they would do good things, not bad things. Unfortunately, they're not given the choice. I believe in strength, not weakness. I believe a person can determine his ultimate success or failure. Too many people are willing to be the victims of life rather than the masters of it. I believe in the privacy and dignity of the individual. And I believe that to do anything, you have to be ready."

END

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Tip from the Top

WALLY GRANT, Mt. Lebanon Golf Club, Pittsburgh

Forward weight shift

THE so-called exchange of weight—to the right side when swinging back and the reverse shift to the left side before starting the club down—is widely misunderstood by golfers today. Certainly the top players do not feel the exchange of weight in the way it is expressed to beginners or to average golfers trying to improve.

My thoughts on the matter are that you should pay much less attention than is commonly done to the left-to-right shift going back and concentrate on the forward shift to the left side which is a dynamic part of the proper swing. Now, on this forward shift of weight, if the golfer thinks of initiating it from right to left, working from the feet to the hips—as he does when he throws a baseball overhand—he will develop a free rhythmic swing of the club. The left knee will become a major factor in executing this forward move correctly. All tournament players seem to rock the left knee to the right while taking the club back and then rock it laterally ahead of the ball before starting the club down. Actually, the left knee is still bent slightly until after the ball is struck and doesn't straighten until the swing is completed.

Remember also in this forward shift that you start the weight forward lightly and not in one abrupt movement, letting it gather gently as the swing progresses.



Wally Grant demonstrates shift of right-to-left shift of weight

A. Spill



Bill Robinson, associate editor of *Yachting*, sails off *Posen, F. R.* Photograph by Tom Hellyman.

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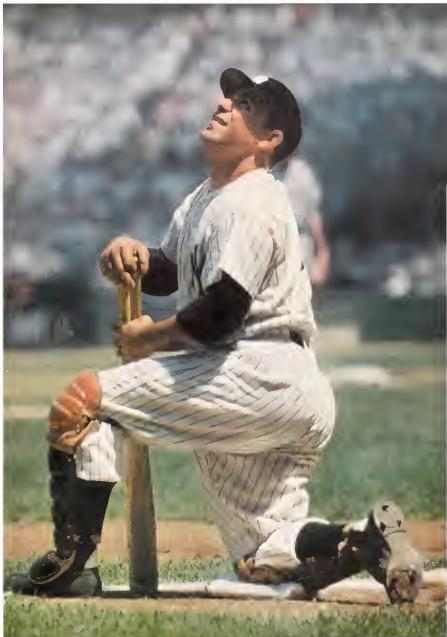
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Rum and Tonic





FROM THE HILL TO THE HALL

On the eve of a new spring training season, Yogi Berra
looms larger than ever as one of baseball's great personalities

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

ONE FINE DAY last autumn Yogi Berra, the affluent Yankee, had a relatively free stretch to enjoy himself. That is, there was no bottling convention to attend on behalf of the Yoo-Hoo chocolate drink company (in which he has a considerable investment), no business to transact with Mr. George Weiss, no television or banquet appearances, no household chores of any particular urgency, and he and Phil Rizzuto, his old friend and guide, had been able to make their two visits (one to a hospital and the other to an orphanage) quite early in the morning. A little before noon, Berra returned to his hillside home on the wooded outskirts of Tenafly, N.J. and, finding it bare of Mrs. Berra (who was out shopping) and the two oldest of his three sons (who were at school), he played for a few minutes with Dale (his youngest), who is 2 years old, helped the maid to locate the old baseball-type golf cap he was looking for and headed for the White Beeches golf course in Hawthorth. Yogi drives a gray Pontiac with the license plate YB 8, eight being the number on his Yankee uniform. Unlike most Americans, for whom lack of sufficient recognition is a besetting problem, Berra's problem is to avoid too much recognition, and the identifying license plate is one of the few luxuries in the other direction that he allows himself.

KNEELING ON DECK. Berra awaits turn at bat. He has, among other records, hit more homers than any other catcher.

White Beeches is a relaxed and friendly club, just right for a budding squire who has his feet firmly on the ground. After his round—an 86 which was better than the figures indicated, since a strong November wind was out—Yogi sat around for about an hour in the grill with his foursome. One of them, a skilful buff, wanted to know if Yogi would be interested in going up to Tremblant with him on his next trip there. Before Yogi had time to reply, a third party piped up, "Casey would love that, huh? The news you were trying out the ski slopes." Berra, who makes it a point to avoid discussing Yankee business and personalities whenever possible, let that serve as his answer. The conversation shortly after this got around to the colossal amount of time wives and children spend on the telephone nowadays. One member of the group, a soldier of progress who spoke with a tone of endorsement, informed the others that you could now get a special phone installed for the teenagers in your family who wanted to talk with their teen-age friends.

"Your boys will be needing one soon," he suggested to Berra.

"Well, they won't be getting one," Yogi said. "I want to do all I can for my kids," he added softly, "but, golly, that isn't one of them."

Yogi had dinner at home with his wife Carmen and their two oldest, Larry, who is 9, and Timmy, 7, and then was off for Clifton, another New Jersey town about 20 miles away, in which the Berra-Rizzuto Alleys, a

gleaming 40-lane emporium, are located. The alleys were officially opened last spring, but each time Yogi enters the building he feels the same intense glow of pride he did on opening night. This particular evening he was set to bowl for the team representing the Glendale Display and Advertising Co., and in his office changed into his bowling shoes and the green-and-black Glendale bowling shirt. He bowls for that team on Wednesdays, and on Mondays for a team of Yankees whose star is Bill Skowron (who has about a 160 average) and whose roster includes Phil Rizzuto, Elston Howard, Johnny Kucka, Ralph Houk and Gil McDougald. Since he had about 20 minutes in hand before the evening match was scheduled to begin, Berra moseyed down to the Dug-out Restaurant for a cup of coffee and then made a quick tour of the rest of the premises. In the Stadium Lounge, where the bar is built in the shape of Yankee Stadium, he chatted about business with his brother Johnny, who is in charge there, and cast an approving eye at the large blow-up photograph of the décolleté songstress who was to appear there that weekend. As he returned to the promenade behind the alleys, a middle-aged man, attired in the purple-and-white bowling shirt of a local bank, came up to him and told him how wonderful the alleys looked. "The whole place," he said, "is so spotless you would think you fellows opened it yesterday." Berra lights up like a child at certain compliments, and did so then. "You know who works for the company that polishes our alleys, Tommy?" he said with exuberance. "McDougald, Gil." This was the first of a slue of chats, long and short, in which Yogi was enmeshed the rest of the evening. A very homey atmosphere obtains at the alleys. Berra seemed to know everyone who approached him, most of them by name, and each of the patrons wanted to know how business was and seemed personally pleased at Yogi's report that things were going pretty good and Phil now thought the main problem was getting enough business during the daylight hours. At 9 o'clock the match between Seibert's Delicatessen and Glendale Display got under way. Yogi had a very good evening for him, rolling an even 200 on his first strag, his high for the year, and finishing with a respectable three-string total of 504.

continued

Just before he entered the office to change out of his bowling togs, a superbooncy woman of vaguely 30 who appeared to know Yogi well—and everyone else at the alleys for that matter—handed Yogi a small package tied in a bright ribbon. "It's a gift from me to you," she instructed him. "You should make sure you open it in private." He did, so to speak, in the office, where Freddy Rizzuto, Phil's brother who is the alleys' assistant manager, was on duty. The contents turned out to be a carton of the cigarettes Yogi endorses and a selection of six comic books. Mixed emotions, including one that indicated they'll-do-it-every-time, came over Yogi's face. "Well, Freddy," he said at length in an administrative tone, "I can always give the books to my kids."

Yogi left for home shortly after 11. In the main lobby there is a large glass case in which four magnificent American League MVP plaques, the one which Rizzuto won and the three Yogi won, are on display. Yogi slowed down his stride and looked at the case for just a moment. Then he half-walked and half-trotted out into the night.

It is pleasant to contemplate a good fortune which has come the way of Lawrence Peter Berra. If it is coming to any athlete, he has it coming to him. Aside from being a person of unusual decency and natural charm, he has, from a fairly inauspicious beginning in the big leagues, achieved over the last dozen years a place among the memorable players in the long history of the game—one of that extremely small number of players who have performed in the years following World War II who is a certainty to be elected to the Hall of Fame. Over and above this, Berra is a personality of such original force and magnetism that sometimes it has even obliterated his real stature as a player. He is, as Joe Trimble has called him, the Kid Ring Lardner Mused, and possibly more—the last of the glorious line of baseball's great characters.

In this age where ballplayers have kept growing taller and more statuesque until the breed is now in appearance a combination of the stroke on the college crew and the juvenile lead in summer stock, Berra adheres to the classic blocky dimen-

sions of the oldtime catcher. He stands 5 feet 8 and weighs about 192 and looks even chunkier (especially in a baseball uniform) than these figures would augur, for he has the broad and wide-set shoulders of a much taller man, a barrel chest and enormous arms. Unlike most men of similar musculature, Berra is very lithe, very loose—in fact, there is such friskiness in his movements (except when he is catching the second game of a double-header) that, as he approaches 34, he still conjures up the picture of a beknuckered boy of 13 or 14. Berra's build is quite deceptive in other ways, or at least it has led a number of observers into glib deductions that are strikingly wayward. For example, nearly everyone decided years ago that a man with his nonmuscle dimensions would *spoo facto* have to be a slow runner. Only in recent years has it been generally appreciated that Yogi has always been extremely fast, one of the Yankees' best base runners, in fact. Even stranger is that ived slice of myopia which depicts Berra as all awkwardness at bat, sort of a slightly more skillful Pat Seery who busts the ball out of the park by sheer brute strength. This is simply not correct. While there is assuredly little esthetic splendor about the way Yogi bunches himself at the plate, he handles the bat beautifully, with a delicacy and finesse which few place hitters approach and which is rarer still, of course, for a power hitter. He has magnificent timing, releasing his wrist action at the last split second. This explains why when Berra is hitting, he can hit anybody or anything, including more bad balls than anyone since Joe Medwick. In the 1955 World Series—not the 1956 Series in which he hit three home runs and batted in 10 runs, but the 1955 Series in which he made 10 hits and batted .417—Yogi put on one of the finest demonstrations of straightaway hitting in modern times, meeting the ball right between the seams again and again and lining it like a shot over the infield, very much in the fashion of Paul Waner and Nap Lajoie. "There's no one more natural or



YOGI AND GARMEN WITH THEIR THREE BOYS. (FROM

more graceful than Yogi when he's watching the pitch and taking his cut," Phil Rizzuto said not long ago. "He's all rhythm up there, like Ted Williams."

Williams and Berra are alike in one other respect: they are talkative men. Splendidly endowed as Williams is in this department, he is simply not in Berra's class. In truth, no player in the annals of baseball has been, and those who potentially might have challenged his preeminence made the mistake of playing the wrong position. Stationed behind the plate, Berra has a steady flow of new faces to ask how things are going, and during lulls between batters there is always the umpire. Early this year Casey Stengel, a fairly articulate man himself, had a few words to say about Berra's verbosity. Asked if he considered Berra to be the best late-inning hitter in the game, a claim many have made for him, Casey replied that he didn't know about that. "I'd have to look into it," he said. "He could be the best late-inning hitter in baseball because he's got to hit sometime during a game, and he is a very bad early-inning hitter. Sometimes Mr. Berra allows himself to go careless. He forgets to start the game with the first inning. He's out there behind the plate saying hello to



LEFT TO RIGHT) DALE, D. LARRY, G. AND TIMMY, 7

everybody in sight. Oh, Mr. Berra is a very sociable fellow. He acts like home plate is his room."

In all of Yogi's actions on the ball field, as these vignettes may suggest, there is a beguiling spontaneity and a total lack of affectation. Beyond this, a tide of friendliness comes pouring through, and it communicates itself in a wondrous way not only to the people within earshot of his gravely banter but also to the outlanders perched in the deep recesses of the stadium. It is difficult to think of another performer in sports who possesses Berra's particular quality of empathy: you just sense you like that guy. Viewed at intimate range—and it is a pleasure to report this since it is all too seldom true of national figures who are irresistible in their public roles—Berra turns out to be the same guy he appears to be: friendly, full of unposy vitality, marvelously good-natured. There are times when Berra's exceptional energy gets worn down and responding to his fans becomes a nervous strain, but he has absorbed the niceties of applied public relations and employs them well at these moments. What is remarkable, though, is the genuine consideration which Berra, on most occasions, shows the countless strangers who yell to him wherever he may be or

who come over to talk with him—he treats them as if they were neighbors he has known all his life. In this connection, the story of Yogi at Ruggeri's (first told by Bob Burns of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*) comes to mind. One winter, not long after he had made his mark in the majors, Yogi took on the off-season job as head waiter at Ruggeri's restaurant on The Hill in St. Louis, his home town. One evening when he was catching up with two young couples who were walking toward their table, Yogi overheard one of the two men, awed by the high style of the restaurant, nervously confide to the other, "Gosh, I feel out of place." "Relax," Yogi interjected. "After you've been here 10 minutes you'll think it ain't any different than a hamburger joint."

There is, however, a lot more complication in Berra than meets the casual eye. When Sal Maglie joined the Yankees, a friend asked him what if anything was different about the players from what he had expected. "Yogi," Sal replied. "Yogi worries a great deal." These periods do not last too long, but when Yogi is troubled, it goes all through him; he is not only grave, he is gloomy. He is also quite a sensitive person, which many people miss, though they shouldn't. Moreover, there is considerable shyness in him. At social gatherings away from the park, he will on some occasions hang mutely on the edge of a group engaged in conversation, keeping his distance momentarily, but when he joins in, he arrives in force. All of this makes Yogi not one whit different from you or me—except that most of us lack his buoyant good nature and the grit and instinctive soundness which knit him together—but it is rather important to mention these things in Berra's case since he has been so invariably portrayed as a happy-go-lucky child of nature.

This distortion, to a considerable degree, stems from the incomparable Berrisms which he has produced since he first came up. They are the Sneadisms and Goldwynisms of baseball. The only qualifying point that

need be made about Yogi's *authentic* Berrisms is that they are not the product of stupidity but rather of the pleasure he gets in participating on all fronts and expressing himself. He is anything but facile at translating his thoughts into words but, far from being a slow man on the bases upstairs, Berra has an essentially good mind and a very active one. If there is a fund of good will in Yogi, there is also a native shrewdness. He has, for instance, invested his money very soundly. He now represents himself capably in his salary symposiums with George Weiss, having matured tremendously over the years in his sense of values, his own included.

Berra's remarks can be incisive as well as comic; for example, after sitting in on a strategy conference before an All-Star Game, in which a long time was spent debating the best methods for pitching to Musial: "The trouble with you guys is you're trying to figure out in 15 minutes something no one has figured out in 15 years." He also has the gift of good taste, which he has demonstrated most markedly, perhaps, in his choice of Mrs. Berra (Carmen Short, also from Missouri), a fine-looking girl with a very crisp, perky personality. Thanks to Carmen and to his great friend Rizzuto, Yogi has long since abandoned his celebrated allegiance to comic books. It was slightly exaggerated anyhow. He never was able to rise higher than vice-president in the Ghoul Club, an organization made up of Yankees—Don Larsen, president—who feasted on horror comics until the books were banned as injurious to minors. Yogi made his debut as a hard-cover man with Robert Ruark's *Something of Value*, a suitable bridge. Halfway through the book, he lost it, suffered agonies at the thought of the money he would have to shell out for another copy, but eventually did. That was the turning point. He now reads a fair amount and enjoys it, his favorites being realistic novels like *The World of Suzie Wong*.

As far as baseball goes, Yogi, despite the camouflage of his mannerisms, thinks well and swiftly and has become a master of the hard art of talking shop and thinking baseball. While he is gabbing away with batters, another part of his mind is setting up a pitching pattern for instant use as well as filing away for future reference pertinent dope on each hitter. "On a number of occasions," Casey

continued

Stengel has opined, "I am aware I have held a meeting in the clubhouse before a game when there was some doubts among the coaches and myself on how we should pitch to particular hitters. If we don't agree on a decision, we have asked Berra what he thinks about it, and what he generally goes along with what he has suggested. He is a good studier of hitters." Stengel, who has been known to refer to Berra as "my assistant manager" because of his veteran catcher's ever-readiness to contribute his knowledge to the common cause, not long ago meandered into an oblique shaft of revelation which recalled his famed soliloquy on the short-fingered Japanese during his appearance before the United States Senate. "Berra," said Casey, "is alert because he's got very good hearing. He has better ears than any other catcher in the game. He hears everything that's said on the field and not only there but away from the field. He knows all the scandal. If Topping wasn't there, he'd run the business for him, or George Weiss, his business, or me, he'd take over my job."

Stengel has also long been struck by Berra's knowledge of sports in general. So is everyone who knows him. Yogi's old friend Joe Garagiola, the former Cardinal catcher who currently is a highly successful baseball broadcaster and after-dinner speaker, frequently tells his audience on the banquet trail that "funny as it will sound to many of you, Yogi could have been an A student in college." Joe then elaborates on this by stating that Yogi has an exceptionally good memory for anything he wants to remember, such as sports.

This is a very significant part of Berra—his abiding love of sports—and it explains the man directly. In a sports-oriented nation like ours there are literally hundreds of thousands of boys and grown-ups who are attached to sport before any other consideration, but it is really extraordinary to find an experienced professional athlete for whom agents have not withered nor customers stalled his first youthful affection for his game and others. Here Berra is plainly exceptional. After all these bruising seasons he has somehow managed to retain a boy's full-hearted enthusiasm for the game of baseball. This has always been so obvious that it used to be said that he would

probably be delighted to play for the Yankees even if they paid him nothing. Well, Yogi has seen to it for quite some time now that he is well rewarded for his services but, once he enters the dressing room, that spirit of the young boy, all eagerness for the game, clutches him wholly. He loves to play ball like other men like to make money or work in the garden. And this is what makes Berra the ballplayer he is.

Moreover, as Stengel's and Garagiola's remarks adduce, Yogi is infatuated not only with baseball but with all sports. For him they are practically the staff of life. They have always been.

THE outline of Yogi's early years and his road to the top are fairly well known to sportsfans, and to summarize them elliptically is probably enough for our purposes. He was born in St. Louis, May 12, 1925, the son of Paulina and Pietro Berra. Mr. Berra worked in the kilns in one of the local brick factories. The Berras lived on 5447 Elizabeth Avenue, the Garagiolas at 5446, on "Dago Hill." (At banquets Garagiola is at his drollest when he tells his audiences, with the air of someone explaining something quite abstruse, "A lot of Italian families live on that hill, you see, and that is the reason it is called Dago Hill.") Yogi left school at 14 after completing the seventh grade. After this he had a long series of small jobs in various plants. He lost one after another because sports came first; whenever it was a question of whether to play in a big game or pass it by and stay on the job, he chose the former. Deep within him he clung to the obscure hope that somehow or other he might be able to make a career in sports. As he has always been the first to admit, he owes the chance he had to pursue this hope to his older brothers, Tony, Mike and Johnny. All three were fine athletes, and two showed such talent for baseball that they were approached by big league clubs to join teams in their farm system. (Tony, the oldest brother, Yogi has always claimed, was the best ballplayer in the family.) The pressure to bring money into the hard-pressed family forced the older boys to forsake their ambitions in baseball and to knuckle down to wage-earning in local plants. However, when Yogi began to blossom out in American Legion Junior Baseball, his brothers insisted that he be given

the chance they had never had, and they were so adamant about this that they eventually broke down the opposition of their parents. In 1942, when he was 17, Yogi was signed by John Schulte, a scout for the Yankee organization, for \$500. This was the amount which Joe Garagiola, eight months younger than Yogi, had received from the St. Louis Cardinals after he and Yogi, both of them left-hand-hitting catchers, had been given a tryout the year before. The Cards had also wanted to sign Berra but had not offered him a bonus for signing. Though it almost killed him to do so, Yogi had turned down their contract, not because of envy of his pal—there is no envy in Berra—but because he felt he was worth \$500



BASEFOOT SANDLOTTER. youthful Yogi started out as a right-handed batter.

too. In 1943 the Yankees assigned him to Norfolk, their affiliate in the Class B Piedmont League.

The fact that two members of their gang had been signed by big league clubs was a towering feather in the hats of the kids on The Hill. Mulling over Yogi's chances of making good, they were positive he would, for they had known him as a superlative all-round athlete, a mainstay for their team, the Stags, in their organized league games as well as in their sandlot games and street games. For instance, when as young kids they had played football on Elizabeth Avenue, Yogi always did the kicking not only

for his side but on fourth down he was switched to the opposing side to kick for them. He was the only one in the bunch who could be counted on to control the ball so that it came down in the street and not through somebody's window. One autumn day when Yogi (then about 15) was watching a Southwest High practice scrimmage, an episode with all the hallmarks of one of those Hollywood "discovery scenes" took place: the kicker for the high school team got off a short wobbly punt which twisted over the sideline near where Yogi was standing. Picking the ball up, Yogi, wearing sneakers, casually boomed the ball back half the length of the field. Over to the sideline rushed the coach to find out who was the unknown star who could kick like that. On learning that Yogi had quit school and was working, the coach pleaded with him to "join" the high school, assuring him that he could arrange things so that he would have the lightest study load imaginable, but Yogi, ruining the perfect scenario, would have none of it.

Yogi was an average if clamorous basketball player, pretty far at roller hockey and truly outstanding at soccer, a game that has long been big in St. Louis. He played halfback and was so fond of the sport that he went on playing it even after he had definitely arrived in professional baseball, and probably would have continued to play it had not the Yankees, fearful of injury, ordered him to retire. It was typical of him that he became an ardent pro football fan at a time when most St. Louisans were either uninformed or apathetic about the NFL, and so staunch a devotee of ice hockey, a game he had never played, that on the nights when the St. Louis Flyers' home games were scheduled he would take a two-hour nap late in the afternoon so that he would have the pep to stay awake. "The main thing about Yogi that impressed us as kids," Garagiola was remembering recently, "was how fast he picked up any sport. One time the Italian-American club wanted some kid to represent them in the city boxing matches. They got Yogi. If you wanted something done, you always got Yogi. He'd never boxed before, but he turned out to be darned good at it: I think he had five fights and won them all, two by knockouts, before his folks made him quit. Another time I remember we went up to the YMCA and found a ping-pong

tournament going on. Yogi had never played the game before but he entered. In his first match he was just trying to return the ball across the net, but he got the hang of it quick and went all the way to the final." Garagiola paused a long moment. "Just talking about those old days," he resumed, "brings back to your mind what a wonderful guy Yogi was even as a kid. He was never one to come forward and try to stand out, but he was the fellow who got the other fellows together. He was a peacemaker kind of kid. More than that, he had a lot of strength and cheer in him. When you were troubled about something, there was no one like him. Why, just to see him come bouncing around the corner half solved your problem. 'Here comes Yogi,' you'd say to yourself. 'It isn't as bad as it looked.'"

As far as baseball went (and its close relatives, softball and corkball, an offshoot particular to St. Louis), Yogi as a youngster did some of the pitching for the Stags and played every position except first base. He did little or no catching until he was 14. "I got the job because no one else wanted it," he remembers. "You took quite a beating back there. You didn't have any shin guards or belly protector." He did the catching, when he was 16 and 17, for the Fred W. Stockton Post-American Legion team, and was one of the chief reasons why the team in 1941 and 1942 was the class of its section and both seasons reached the final round of the national championship finals. Up with Norfolk in '43, Yogi blew hot and cold, batting a mild .253 for the season, but in 1945, following his wartime tour of duty with the Navy, he hit .314 with Newark, the Yankees' farm club in the AAA International League, and was considered ready to go up with the big club. In the Navy, incidentally, he had seen action of the roughest kind in the landings in Normandy and later in southern France. He was a rocketman on a Coast Guard boat, one of a group of 36-foot LC88s (Landing Craft Support Small) which on D-day were disgorged from a larger vessel some 300 yards off Omaha Beach to help open the beach for the first wave.

During his first full year with the Yankees, 1947, Berra, a very young 22, was nervous and conspicuously unpolished behind the plate. Although he drove in 34 runs in 83 games that

year and a thumping 98 runs in 125 games in 1948, he made many costly errors in judgment behind the plate as well as physical errors. Work as he did to correct them, he continued to make them and was frequently played in right field, where he could do far less damage. These were days of anguish for him, because on top of these concerns he was the target of some of the most brutal personal riding any newcomer to the majors has ever been subjected to. In the final analysis, it was his own hardy character that saw him through, but he was extremely fortunate in the men he was associated with. He was fortunate, for instance, that his idol, Joe DiMaggio, was around to support him in many critical moments. One typical example of DiMaggio's help occurred during one of those stretches when Yogi had been exiled to right field. Way down in the damps after popping up his previous time at bat, Yogi shuffled dejectedly out to right at the beginning of the next inning. DiMaggio noticed this. An inning later, as Yogi was galumphing out to his position, Joe, instead of sprinting out to center as was his hustling habit, followed out after Yogi and yelled to him to get moving. "Always run out to your position, Yogi," Joe continued as they ran out together. "It doesn't look good when you walk. The other team may have gotten you down but don't let them know it."

Yogi has also been fortunate in playing under managers like Buckey Harris, a kindly man, and Casey Stengel, who has directed the Yankees since 1949. When Casey first took over he set about building up Berra's confidence in himself as a catcher, and here his most valuable contribution was his decision to turn Yogi over to Coach Bill Dickey, that most accomplished technician, for a full course of instruction. "There was a lot he had to be taught which he'd never been," Casey has said. "He squatted too far away from the hitter and was off balance and a poor target. Another thing, he didn't know how to block a bad pitch with his body. Dickey showed him how to drop down on his knees. Then, he didn't throw well because nobody had ever taught him how to take that step. He has a strong arm and he became a very accurate thrower. He'd throw runners out for us when you couldn't have blamed him if he didn't, for he was working with a poor pitcher

continued

ing staff in that respect. Many of the pitchers we've had, I don't know if you know, have been no good at keeping the runners close to the base." Dickey not only instructed Berra in every facet of the mechanics of catching, he taught him how to call a game. "Yogi before Dickey and Yogi after Dickey—the difference was like night and day," Rizzuto has commented. "Before, he was never thinking ahead like a catcher must. He hesitated all through a game calling the pitches. He didn't know how to set a batter up for the curve with the fast ball, and so on. He was really shaky and the result was that the pitchers didn't have any confidence in him. After his schooling with Dickey, he started to think ahead automatically, he set up very good patterns and he began to study the hitters intelligently. Our pitchers began to lean on his judgment very quickly after this. Only Reynolds or Raschi ever shook him off and they didn't do it very often."

Above all Yogi was fortunate in having Phil Rizzuto as his roommate on the road trips and as a staunch friend at all times. Yogi was (and is) stoical by nature. Never one to moan or alibi, he prefers to keep his troubles to himself. During his first seasons in the majors he simply had too many troubles to absorb and sometimes they accumulated into a ponderous burden, and you cannot overestimate the good it did the young man, so distrustful of his ability to get across what he felt in words, to find himself understood when he opened himself to Rizzuto. Rizzuto showed Berra all the ropes, additionally, but he was beautifully unpaternalistic—he never forced his advice on Yogi, merely gave his opinion when asked and let Yogi make his own decisions, which were invariably quite logical. "Yogi is an iron man and it really works against him," Phil reflected recently. "All the fellows on the team know he's caught innumerable double-headers after only five hours of sleep. They know that over the last dozen years he's caught many more games than any other catcher, many more. He's gotten out there and done the job despite a staggering number of painful injuries, jammed thumbs and split fingers and the rest. That's why Yogi never gets any sympathy. No one thinks he needs it."

When Yogi is learning something new, he customarily gives the impres-

sion that his mind is wandering and that he isn't following his instructor. For instance, he never gives back a paraphrase of what the other person has been saying, which is the most common method by which students indicate that they understand a new thing. For all the ambiguity of his reactions, Yogi has a first-rate aptitude for learning. It is, in fact, hard to think of a man who has done as much for himself. Today he leads a rounded and enviably full life, at the core of which is his home in Tenafly. There is a lot of pep and sense in the Berra household. "Once in a while after we've lost a tough one or if I've played a lousy game," Yogi was saying not long ago, "I get angry and I'm still angry when I get home. My wife doesn't let me get very far with it. Carm will tell me, 'Don't get angry with me. You played badly. I didn't.'" The spirited Mrs. Berra has a lively interest in baseball, but her major pastime is antiques. She has acquired for the house some handsome pieces, both American and European, among them an old table of Italian walnut at which the Berras eat breakfast and their snack meals. All smiles at the shoe being on the other foot for a change, Yogi loves to tell about the morning Bill Skowron walked in the breakfast room, studied the table for a moment and then declared, "With all your money, Yogi, you can certainly afford to buy a new table."

While Yogi has indeed come a long way from St. Louis, the wonderful thing about him is that in many essential areas he has not changed a bit from the kid on The Hill. For him—and this is just one phase of that appealing immutability—anybody who can play sports a major part of his hours is still the most privileged of people. His zest for reading sports and watching sports and talking sports when he is not playing sports has diminished not at all. During the autumn, when many baseball players are tapering off from the season's grind by hunting, Berra gets his mind off baseball by traveling to some spot like Pinehurst for a therapeutic week of golf, and then indulges his passions for football by going not only to the New York Giants' games but to those of local high school teams. As the colder weather comes on, Berra becomes almost as regular in his attendance at the basketball and hockey games at Madison Square Garden as Gladys Goodding, the well-tempered organist. Mrs. Berra has now cut

down on the number of events she attends, but still goes to a few with him. On other occasions Yogi takes his two oldest boys or goes with friends from the Yankees or friends in his neighborhood with whom he also plays golf. And sometimes Yogi just drives in alone, sure in the foreknowledge that at courtside or rinkside he will run into some fellows he knows.

At the half-time interval of the first game of a recent pro basketball double-header which he went to with a neighbor from Tenafly, Yogi, after getting in a few hands of klob in the Knickerbocker office with some newspapermen, returned to his seat just in time to be slapped on the back by a tall, athletic-looking fellow. "Hey, you character, where you been keeping yourself?" the tall man, who turned out to be Joe Black, the old Dodger pitcher, asked with obvious affection. Yogi's eyes lighted up with pleasure. "This guy's a no-good catcher," Black explained to the friend he was with. "Trouble with him is he can't hit." Yogi and Joe gabbed about old times and new jobs until the second half got under way. In the break before the start of the second game another tall, husky fellow, circulating in the courtside section, spotted Yogi and came over for a similar reunion. "That was Doby," Yogi later explained to his friend from New Jersey, exhibiting more than a little of the same pride an average fan would take at being on speaking terms with a real big-leaguer.

This high regard applies to all athletes Berra admires, not just to baseball players. They are "his people." A flavorful illustration of the kick he gets from knowing them took place last December when Berra was invited by Herb Goren, the Rangers' public relations director, to watch a game against the Montreal Canadiens from the press box. While the teams were whirling through their pregame warm-up drills, Berra was seized with the urge to say hello to Boom Boom Geofrison, the Montreal star, whom he had got to know last April when the Stanley Cup playoffs and the baseball season overlapped. Berra shouted down to Boom Boom a couple of times but was unable to get his attention, not that this was too surprising considering that the press box hangs high above the ice and that Berra's foghorn voice has neither the penetration nor carrying power of Jay, Maria Callas or Leo Durocher's. Goren happened to pass at this moment

and, when Berra made known his problem, Goren said he would telephone down to the Canadiens' bench and have them point out to Geoffrion where Berra was seated.

Berra sat with his eyes riveted on Geoffrion during the next five minutes. Nothing happened. He was still waiting watchfully when Goren returned. "I changed my mind, Yogi," he said dolefully. "This is an important game for us. If Boom Boom knows you're watching him, he'll play harder than he might otherwise."

"All I want to do is wave hello," Yogi protested, a little downcast.

"I'm sorry, Yogi, but that is a thing not good for the Rangers," Goren said, slipping into an inexplicable Hemingway-type speech pattern. "We must forget it. Boom Boom would get full of courage if he knows you are here."

As a loyal Ranger fan, Berra agreed that Goren's psychology might be right. However, it was a full 10 minutes before he could shake off the glum mood that overtook him in his disappointment, and twice during the game, when the path of play brought Geoffrion to that part of the rink nearest Yogi's position in the press box, he suddenly stood up and

yelled "Boom Boom" to Boom Boom, without success, however.

During the off season when Berra must endure the hardship of having no assured supply of conversational fodder presented to him in the shape of enemy batmen, his encounters with old friends at athletic events help to provide his gregarious soul with the communication it constantly craves. On the other hand, unlike the modern sports pundit who views each event as a springboard for his trenchant, altogether Toynbean comments, Berra is a quiet, intent and excitable spectator, with what nowadays amounts to an old-fashioned point of view: he doesn't focus primarily on the stars, but on the team play and the winning and losing of a game. He roots for the New York teams but makes an exception when the Knickerbockers play the St. Louis Hawks. "I can't go back on my real home town, can I?" he explains in his most serious voice. "And Ed Macauley, he was a big hero of mine when he was playing college ball. I've got to be loyal to him."

Berra stays in shape during the off season by cutting down on his eating—he frequently skips lunch—and by fairly regular exercise. One

of those men who are bored by calisthenics and point-to-point walks and for whom a workout has to be the unconscious byproduct of playing a game, he fools around with a basketball on the backyard court he has set up (for the kids, of course), bowls and golfs. When Yogi warily took up golf some 10 years ago, he merely used an adaptation of his baseball swing. Hitting from the left side he was a very wild and woolly golfer, and the few powerhouse blows he got off generally journeyed in the wrong direction. Three autumns ago when he was playing a round (and an anguishingly bad one) at White Beeches with Tommy De-

Santo, one of the club's best players, DeSanto suggested on the 11th hole that Berra borrow one of his right-handed clubs and see how he made out. Berra proceeded to hit his best shot of the day. He played in the rest of the way with DeSanto's clubs and has played right-handed ever since, though, interestingly enough, he continues to play his wedge shots and to putt left-handed. Since switching over, Yogi's golf has shown steady improvement, and his club members now consider his 14 handicap about two shots too high. He has had an 88 on the awesome Pinehurst No. 2, an 81 at White Beeches and a 38 for nine at Miami Springs. Berra's long hitting is not the strong point of his golf. His approach to the game is. He understands its fine fabric as only the natural games player does. He is an intuitive appraiser of the strategy of holes and the demands of individual shots. He has a proper seriousness about trying to play each shot as well as possible and a proper humor about his failings—"Whatta touch," he continually berates himself whenever his putting stroke lets him down; he is interested in the games of the people he plays with, he chirps good conversation and at the right times, he competes just hard enough and without gamesmanship and, all in all, is almost the perfect golf companion.

There are few people who can match the bonhomie which emanates from Berra when he is in an expansive mood, which he was one day last November after he had finished a particularly satisfying round at White Beeches. He had played with two friends from New York who wanted to round out their safari into the hinterland by visiting the Berra-Rizzuto alleys, which lie a complicated half-hour drive away from the course. It was arranged that Berra would lead the way in his car and they would follow in theirs. "There are two tolls," Berra informed them. "You'll need a quarter for the first and a dime for the second. You got it?" They had, and the abbreviated caravan rolled off.

Some minutes later Berra swung his Pontiac into an entrance to the Garden State Parkway. He paid bus toll and gabbled a moment with the toll attendant. His friends then drove up to the attendant, and the driver held his hand out with a quarter in it. The attendant waved it away. "Mr. Berra," he said, "has already taken care of it."

END

BERRA IN OFF SEASON—THE QUIET SQUIRE OF TENAFLY



19TH HOLE The readers take over

SIME TALKS BACK

Sirs:

Bravo Dave Sime!

I am sure he echoes the sentiment of the majority of our amateur athletes (*The Heart of the Problem*, *SI*, Feb. 16). The desire for competition on equal grounds is an American heritage.

Any deterioration of American amateur sports can be blamed on the indifference of the AAU. They are charged with our conformance to existing standards, not those of 25 years ago.

GEORGE E. ROSE

Bayside, N.Y.

Sirs:

Write off to the editors and to Dave Sime. Both of you have faced a problem that needed to be faced with clear, logical thinking. I and many others are hoping that you will help to straighten out the AAU so that it will benefit, not hinder, American track and field athletics. Congratulations!

J. A. ANISMAN

Madison, Wis.

Sirs:

Hurray for Dave Sime! Unreasonable AAU rules not only discourage national champions but also hinder dedicated young athletes from competing at the age-group level. I am happy to see that a well-known athlete has expressed the feelings of many of us.

IRENE CLARKE

Oak Park, Ill.

THE ALMOST ALL-STARS

Sirs:

I would like to know exactly what Jeremiah Tax meant when he stated, "This same Russian team will be coming to the United States in the fall for a series of games with American all-stars" (*First Spatnik*, *New Times* *SI*, Feb. 9). Will the so-called U.S. all-stars be picked from the bottom of the barrel or from our first-class college teams?

Our loss to the Soviet team by 25 points in Santiago was another victory for the U.S.S.R. and I don't mean basketball. I realize that our team played hard and tried their best but it wasn't good enough. If we don't want any more "Russia ate the U.S. and washed them down with Coca-Cola" banners we must, and I'm sure will, put forth a little more effort.

DAVID J. SUCC

Baltimore

● The Russians were invited in Santiago to send a team to the U.S. at the end of this year. Although it will in all probability be impossible to enlist top college players for the U.S. squad, the outstanding AAU and NIBL players will be available and

will form the nucleus of the team that will also represent the U.S. in the 1960 Olympics. It will not be the best possible aggregation of U.S. players, but still a great deal better than the U.S. team that played in Santiago. Present plans call for several games to be played in Madison Square Garden, followed, hopefully, by a tour by the U.S. and Russian teams.—ED.

BOUQUETS

Sirs:

AS A CHARTER READER OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED AND AS A MISSISSIPPI STATE FAN I ENJOYED THE ARTICLE ON STATE AND BASKETBALL (*Bouquets for Babe and His Boyds*, *SI*, Feb. 23). MORE THAN WORDS CAN EXPRESS MR. DOUST DID A FINE JOB THANKS.

JIM LACEY JR.

Canton, Miss.

● But that unwritten law (which prohibits white athletes from competing with Negroes) is still writ. Al-

though since Dudley Doust's story the student body voted 86% in favor of accepting a bid to the NCAA championships if proffered, Governor J. P. Coleman wants a poll of the legislature, the outcome of which is likely to leave the team in Starkville.—ED.

NON-INCOME SPORTS

Sirs:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED did a fine job in reporting the dissolution of our swimming team at the University of Houston (*Events & Discoveries*, Jan. 26).

The boys, with the exception of five or six, are all making plans to enroll in other universities. The five girls, however, Carrie Cote included, have chosen to stay here with me, and we are planning on going to the nationals in April.

I certainly think SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is doing a wonderful job in covering all sports. I, personally, am getting a bit fed up with the terminology "major sports" and "minor." Certainly the terms should more correctly be "income-producing" and "non-income-producing" sports. At

FOOTNOTE TO HISTORY

Sirs:

I feel constrained to call your attention to an error in Carleton Mitchell's article (*Whitkie the Cup?* *SI*, Feb. 9). The caption under the picture of the ship with the sign "Go Sceptre Go" says "American fans" etc. Actually the ship, the *Broward*, home port Port Washington, is owned and skippered by an Englishman, David Protherstone, now naturalized but still full of the old Empire

spirit. Members of his crew are, reading from left to right: English, Irish, English, English, English, American, American. This picture has been used long enough to show American sympathy for *Sceptre*, if we are not careful it will end up by distorting the history of the America's Cup.

S. W. BRYANT JR.

New York City

● Let's see: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6—somebody's fallen overboard!—ED.



Pat on the Back

EVERETT COLLECTION



ROBERT A. ELLIOT

'Dec. 15: LAND HO. Right on Course!'

So reads the last entry in the log of the 32-foot sloop *Bowadurena*, Bob Elliot, owner and skipper. Landfall (Dec. 15) was the island of Barbados; last port (Nov. 6), Las Palmas in the Canaries. Elliot had accomplished a rare feat of seamanship: a late autumn crossing of the Atlantic, alone.

Elliot has been around boats most of his 21 years, sailing small craft out of Marblehead, Mass., his home. He attempted the solo crossing "to see what it was like." The *Bowadurena's* log shows it to have been an ordeal of boredom, frustration and acute anxiety—"Nov. 7: Too nervous to write, Nov. 8: Raining and very lonely. A ship from Liverpool passed close by. Nov. 10: Sky overcast, wind very light; had corned beef and mashed

potatoes, very lumpy. Nov. 12: Squalls, had to reef headsails, took me two hours. Nov. 15: Read on after-deck; one of forestays let go about midnight, took sails and boom with it. Nov. 16: If my navigation is right we have 1,900 miles to go, but am I on course? Have been reading a book a day, pretty soon will be down to classics. Nov. 17: The weather looks bad, glass going all over the place; my nerves are shot from watching this weather. Nov. 18: My 21st birthday, now I can get a legal drink in the U.S. Terrible squalls, too rough to bake a cake (hah!). Hurricane coming? Nov. 20: No wind. Read *This Side of Innocence*. Nov. 25: Sharp pain. Appendicitis!" And so it goes until Elliot's final triumphant entry. "Dec. 15: LAND HO. Right on Course!"



Lovely beaches invite sunbathing or picnicking



BERMUDA

Bask in the warmth and beauty of a happy holiday island

The serene beauty of many coloured flowers, blue sky and blue water, pastel-tinted houses and gleaming white roofs. Pick your fun. Shore roads tempt cyclists. Pink sandy beaches beckon swimmers and picnickers. Steady winds delight sailors. Famous golf courses are fun for beginners, test experts. Fast on-tout-cas courts pick up your tennis game. Fishermen never had it this good—over 200 species of fish. There's sightseeing, duty-free shopping or just plain loafing. And during this year

Bermuda celebrates her 350th anniversary with festive gaiety. Good time for a holiday in Bermuda.

Hotels are noted for entertainment, accommodations, food and service. Or you can live informally in a guest house or cottage colony. Daily flights by trans-Atlantic airliner. Weekly sailings by luxury ocean liners. Be sure to see your travel agent. For your free vacation kit write to: The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.



Photograph by Howard Chandler Christy from
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, July 30, 1934

The joyous ventures

"Something ventured, something gained."

Some people play it by "the book." The manager who never argues with percentages. The golfer who never tries to clear the water hazard, but plays it short; who always goes around, instead of once in a while shooting straight over the trees.

And by their caution they may often win.

But they will always miss the greatest joy of sport. For the hard shots are the fun shots. And there is joy in setting forth to climb the unconquered peak, or even in merely taking the chance that just beyond the steep rise up ahead there is a new and perfect spot for trout.

It is the joy of the new venture that makes some people long to drive a racing car; to search the ocean floor in diving gear; to hunt big game in tropic jungles.

The greatest joys are for the venturers. And what they gain is more than victory, it is the taste of life itself.

And this is why SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is so alive to its readers. They know that the world of sport is a wonderful world, and in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED they re-enter it each week with joy.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

It's leap or your life in this South American bull ring

1. "Pole-vaulting over a bull may look like a new wrinkle, but 'bull-vaulting' is as old as it is exciting," writes Donald Keen, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Goya, the famous Spanish artist, depicted the stunt in an 1815 etching. When I saw a matador execute a 'Goyesco' last month at the Santa Maria bull ring in Bogota, Colombia, I was fascinated. 'Why not try it?' my host suggested. So the next day I did."



2. "I'm no bullfighter, but I used to be good at pole vaulting and a practice session refreshed my technique. We were at the Rancho Vista Hermosa outside Bogota. When the bull charged out, I nearly lost my nerve."



3. "I was airborne by the time 'El Toro' reached me, but when I hit the ground I dashed behind the barrier. Cape-wrider distracted the bull as it wheeled to charge again. Repeat performance? Not on. These long hours had dampened my enthusiasm."



4. "My courage was spared another test when my host appeared with highballs. 'This tastes familiar,' I said. It should have. It was Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Only Canadian Club has a distinctive flavor that captures in one great whisky the lightness of scotch and the smooth satisfaction of bourbon. That's why no other whisky in all the world tastes quite like it. You

can stay with Canadian Club all evening long . . . in short ones before dinner, tall ones after. Canadian Club is made by Hiram Walker, distillers of fine whiskies for over 100 years. It's "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.

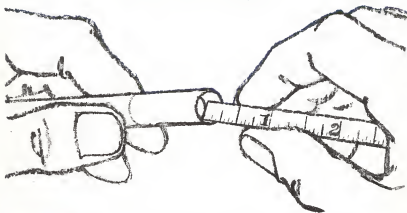
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HIGH FILTRATION FEBRUARY REPORT

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